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CONTENTS.

Volume 238, Number 1

LETTERS
2

EDITORIALS
1 Mission to Damascus
3 The Real Stuff?
4 Unesco Walkout
4 West Bank Focus — *Dilip Hiro*
6 *Minority Report* — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
1 Haitian Elections: The Regime Selects An Opposition — *Raymond Alcide Joseph*
7 Lessons of Greyhound: U.S. Labor Needs Solidarity Too — *Sidney Lens*
9 The Twinkie Murders: The Milk-Moscone Case Revisited — *Paul Krassner*
12 Indian Re-education Camps: "War of Ideas" Guatemalan-Style — *Nancy Peckenham*
14 The Conservative Labyrinth: Old Right? New Right? *One* Right — *John S. Saloma 3d*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
20 Wachtel: The Poverty of Affluence: A Psychological Portrait of the American Way of Life
Fox and Lears, eds.: The Culture of Consumption: Critical Essays in American History, 1880-1980 — *William Leach*
22 Gaines: A Gathering of Old Men — *Mary Helen Washington*
25 Powers: G-Men: Hoover's FBI In American Popular Culture
Kimball: The File — *Joshua B. Freeman*
26 Stories (poem) — *Katrine Howsare*
27 Siner, ed.: Sports Classics: American Writers Choose Their Best — *Felicia E. Halpert*
28 Films — *Peter Biskind*

Drawings by Tony Auth

WITHDRAWN

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EDITORIALS.

The Real Stuff?

The other day we turned to a *New York Times* editorial titled "The Chicanery of 'Silkwood,'" expecting to find an exposé of the Kerr-McGee Corporation's attempts to discredit a movie. As nearly everyone knows by now, *Silkwood* is the story of Karen Silkwood, who died in a car crash en route to a meeting with a *Times* reporter, to whom she intended to give documents revealing Kerr-McGee's failure to take precautions against the spread of nuclear contamination.

Probably everyone does not know that the Corporate Communications Division of Kerr-McGee prepared a two-page release called "Silkwood: The Facts," giving its version of the events portrayed in the movie. And practically no one knows whether a story appearing in the *Times* Arts and Leisure section three days before *Silkwood* opened saying that the film got the facts wrong meant The Facts—or just the facts, ma'am. At any rate the editorial faulted the movie because

JAN 11 1984

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it was based more on the views of "Miss Silkwood's adherents," as the writer called them, than on those of, well, the adherents of the other side.

Certainly, the editorial was not a call for protests against the careless manufacture of plutonium fuel rods. Instead, we were treated to a call for "vigorous protest" against a cinematic genre—the so-called docudrama—which "breaks the rules of reporting and misleads the viewer." Writers and makers of hybrids like *Silkwood* were advised "to present the film as fiction," as did the producers of *The China Syndrome*.

By that logic, should the producers of *The Right Stuff* have called the handsome astronaut played by Ed Harris "Joe Smith," so that American voters wouldn't be tempted to vote for John Glenn for President? And how about that notoriously anti-Nixon docudrama *All the President's Men*?

The editorial writer said it is O.K. for films like *Reds* and *Gandhi* to play loose with the truth because they deal with "history," and "viewers well know that the real medium of history is the history book." But surely that is a distinction without a difference. After all, the docudrama Karen Silkwood, played by Meryl Streep, was on her way to meet a reporter from *The Times*. Wouldn't that remind viewers that the real medium of investigative journalism is the daily newspaper?

Besides, since *The Times* is the newspaper of record, aren't its readers acutely aware of the difference between fact and fiction, news reporting and editorializing?

Which leaves us to wonder why its attempt at film criticism appeared on the paper's editorial page instead of in Vincent Canby's spot. The answer, we suspect, is that the target was not film form but film (political) content.

Unesco Walkout

The Reagan Administration appears to have struck a responsive chord with its decision to pull out of Unesco at the end of this year. Its portrayal of the organization as a bloated, inept playpen for Third World radicals has been accepted by much of the American public, including the editorial writers at *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. *The Post* captured the prevailing sentiment perfectly:

> Here is an organization which at its founding embodied prized values of openness and tolerance and which has run valuable literacy programs, scientific missions and historical preservation projects. Then it got hijacked by a Third World-Communist collective seemingly interested less in running good programs than in engaging in ideological disputation and living the high life.

This, despite considerable evidence that "ideological disputation" consumes only a tiny fraction of the organization's time and resources, the majority of which are dedicated to the educational, scientific and cultural missions spelled out in its charter. The U.S. advisory commission on Unesco recognizes that. Its board of eminent private citizens voted 41 to 8 to remain in the organization; a former chairman called the announced withdrawal a "copping out." Abroad, the President's decision was condemned not only by many Third World countries but also by France and West Germany. If the United States does ultimately walk, it will walk alone.

Why, then, has the Reagan decision been so popular at home? Part of the blame lies with Unesco. Lurid stories of its dreadful bureaucracy, rampant patronage and wasteful spending do not much help the image of an organization dedicated to upholding the core values of civilization. More important, however, have been such emotional issues as Unesco's votes to condemn Israel and its debate on licensing journalists. The latter has perhaps done more than any other single issue to alienate influential Americans, especially the journalists who write about it. The licensing debate is Unesco's black hole, absorbing all the attention and headlines the organization gets. The push for licensing—which has never been called for in a Unesco resolution—started out as a device to protect journalists in dangerous war situations. To the extent that it has evolved into an effort to restrict press freedom, it deserves to be condemned by left, right and center.

But there are deeper forces at work in the Reagan decision. Gregory Newell, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations, has listed "reassertion of American leadership" as the top-priority condition for continued U.S. support. That gets at the heart of the matter. The United States has indeed lost its pre-eminent role in the organization during recent years. More than any world forum, Unesco has brought to the forefront two great international issues: the new world economic and information orders. In that sense it has indeed been "hijacked" from the United States by a majority of nations which insist that the world's wealth and communications facilities should be more equitably distributed.

In that regard, the White House decision to withdraw from the body is consistent with its actions on such matters as the Law of the Sea Treaty—it cast the lone dissenting vote—and the invasion of Grenada, which was roundly condemned. A withdrawal from Unesco would provide further proof that on the great issues of the day, the United States under Ronald Reagan is becoming increasingly isolated from the rest of the world.

West Bank Focus

On December 27, Yasir Arafat approved a new military plan for the Palestine Liberation Organization. It was an empty gesture. Although Arafat still commands 4,000 fighters, his military options are nonexistent. When he was expelled from Tripoli, in northern Lebanon, Arafat lost his last base within striking distance of Israeli military forces.

All that remains to him now is the political option; as a result, the West Bank and Gaza are suddenly high on his agenda. Arafat's defeat in Lebanon did not diminish his popularity among Palestinians in the occupied territories. A recent poll by *Al Fajr*, a Jerusalem-based Arabic-language

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daily, showed that 96 percent of those queried supported Arafat's continuance as P.L.O. chairman, and 86 percent approve of his "political line."

If the P.L.O. leader was to join hands with King Hussein of Jordan, the two leaders would have a fair chance of reviving the peace plan President Reagan proposed in 1982, which called for the creation of a self-governing Palestinian entity federated with Jordan. However, progress toward that goal will depend on Israel's willingness to abandon its opposition to even discussing the idea.

Arafat's decision to move P.L.O. headquarters from Beirut to Tripoli last summer fundamentally changed the nature of his organization. Since its founding in 1964, the P.L.O. had been a confederation of disparate groups that agreed only on the goal of a Palestinian state. Its constituent groups came in all political hues, from Islamic fundamentalist to Marxist. Adding to the problems of factionalism created by that heterogeneity was the dispersal of the Palestinian people. The P.L.O. managed to hold their loyalty by functioning as a kind of state-within-a-state, first in Jordan and then in Lebanon. The Lebanese civil war of 1975-76 enabled the P.L.O. to strengthen its political claims to their allegiance. It ran schools and hospitals, provided other social services, collected taxes, managed businesses, dispensed civil and criminal justice and maintained a fighting force.

When the P.L.O. was uprooted and its fighters scattered among several Arab countries in August 1982, that civilian infrastructure collapsed. Deprived of its quasi-governmental functions and also of its radio "voice" in Damascus, the P.L.O. could no longer cultivate the loyalty of the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians, or of those living in other Arab countries.

As a result, the organization's military arm became predominant, a development which worked to the advantage of Syria. More than three-fifths of the 11,000 fighters expelled from Beirut chose to go to Damascus. Later, many of those sent to other Arab countries gravitated there, and the Syrian government became the main source of arms for the P.L.O. Not surprisingly, when dissidents led by Abu Musa rebelled against Arafat, they were backed by Damascus. Thanks to their victory in Tripoli, they have become the custodians of the Palestinian military option, though they are under the control of Syrian President Hafez al-Assad.

In contrast, Arafat has much greater freedom to maneuver than he did in the past. His meeting with Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak last month dramatized that fact. Mubarak urged the United States to begin talking with Arafat, whom he called "a voice of moderation and reason within the Palestinian movement." More important, Arafat is now free to revive the plan he worked out last spring with Hussein, which circumvented the Israeli and U.S. refusal to deal directly with the P.L.O. The plan called for a delegation made up of Jordanians and of Palestinian leaders from the West Bank who do not belong to the P.L.O. but have been approved by it to represent them in any talks on the Reagan proposal.

Such a plan, of course, would be meaningless if the Israeli government refused to go along with it, but indications are that it is considering doing so. On January 5, King Hussein announced that the long-suspended Jordanian Parliament would meet in Amman on January 9. Twelve of the nineteen surviving West Bank representatives who served in the old Parliament now live in Jordan; the seven still residing in the West Bank were permitted to go to Amman by the Shamir government. (The Israelis decided that their attendance would reduce the future influence of the P.L.O. among Palestinians in the occupied territories.)

Hussein dissolved the Parliament in 1974, after accepting an Arab League summit resolution which described the P.L.O. as "the sole and legitimate representative of the Palestinians." Reconvening the Parliament and seating the non-P.L.O. members amounts to a repudiation of that resolution. Hussein is also working to insure that decisions at the next Arab summit, which will be held in late March, will be made by majority vote rather than by consensus, as in the past.

Moreover, there are signs that official and public opinion in Israel is undergoing a sea change on the Palestinian issue. Although Jewish colonization of the West Bank and Gaza continues, the provocative statements and excessive security measures that were prevalent under Gen. Ariel Sharon when he was in charge of the occupied territories are absent. During his first official tour of the West Bank, in December, Shamir surprised many Israelis by publicly rejecting the settlers' demands that Arabs who throw stones at them be deported or given stiff prison sentences.

Before his tour, Shamir had described as a "positive trend" a statement by five West Bank leaders condemning the December 6 bombing of a Jerusalem bus. The leaders had written, "Violence against civilians, carried out by either side, is counterproductive to a just solution of the Israeli-Palestinian problem." Then, Moshe Arens became the first Likud Party Minister ever to attend the Christmas Eve reception given by Bethlehem's Palestinian Mayor, Elias Freij.

More significant, public opinion polls show that a majority of Israelis oppose colonization of the occupied territories. On December 28, *Haaretz* reported that 48.5 percent of the respondents oppose further colonization and 36.9 percent favor it. That response is almost a reverse of the previous year's results, in which 48.5 percent favored more colonization and 34.5 percent opposed it. The decision of the Israeli Cabinet to include the occupied territories in its one-year slowdown on development projects, under its campaign to cut government spending, is another sign of the changing mood.

The future of the Reagan proposals depends to a large extent on how much pressure the President can bring to bear on Israel. But 1984 is an election year, when political candidates vie to prove their pro-Israel credentials. Further complicating the situation would be the fall of the Shamir government and an election in Israel before the year is out—both distinct possibilities. DILIP HIRO

Dilip Hiro is the author of Inside the Middle East *(McGraw-Hill).*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

On Thursday, December 29, South African military aircraft flew more than 200 miles into the territory of Angola, there to unload bombs on what the Pretoria command claimed was the headquarters of the South-West Africa People's Organization (Swapo). Actually, the violation of territory was a lot greater than that, because the South African planes were stationed in Namibia, which *is* South-West Africa and which has been illegally occupied by the Pretoria regime for several decades. Same old thing, you may say. And it is true that South Africa has been bombing and slaughtering the Namibians, for a long time in their own country, and lately in refugee camps in Angola. South Africa keeps the leader of the Namibian opposition, Herman Toivo, in a horrifying prison on an island on the other side of the continent, and intends that he should die there. What else, in short, is new?

What is new is that more than ever, the South African government is acting in concert with Washington. Perhaps the greatest single scandal of this Administration has been its policy of "constructive engagement" with the apartheid regime. Gen. Constand Viljoen, South Africa's military commander, announced after the most recent raid that he was only following the precedent of American action in Grenada. No correction was issued from Foggy Bottom or from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Those of you who were wondering when Reagan's foreign policy would touch bottom need wait, I sincerely hope, no longer.

In a speech in Honolulu in 1981, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker announced that the United States did not "take sides" in the struggle in Southern Africa. That would have been bad enough even if it were true. But on all critical occasions since then, the Reagan Administration has taken a side—the side of white supremacy—and has cooperated both in its consolidation and in its extension into nearby African states. Specifically, since Reagan took office:

§ The head of South African military intelligence, Gen. P.W. Van der Westerhuizen, had a private audience with Jeane Kirkpatrick, who then fibbed about it.

§ Your tax dollars are helping to train the South African Coast Guard.

§ Arms sales have been resumed, at higher levels.

§ More consulates have been opened by both governments reciprocally.

§ The sale of nuclear technology has been made easier.

Equally important is the general *political* collusion between the two governments. The Administration called the whites-only referendum of last November "a step in the right direction," while every black leader and many white ones correctly called it a step to the further entrenchment of apartheid. The Administration has been silent for the most part about South African attacks on the neighboring countries of Botswana, Mozambique and Angola. It has taken the South African line on Namibia, which is that the Cubans should leave Angola before the South Africans need discuss independence for a territory they were forcibly occupying many years before Fidel Castro took power.

This policy has a natural obverse, which is one of contempt and dismissal toward the black and the white foes of apartheid. The Reagan Administration has almost no serious contact with Swapo. It considers the African National Congress (A.N.C.) of South Africa unacceptable as a negotiating partner, on the scarcely credible ground that it employs violence. Privately, the Administration also maintains that the A.N.C. is dominated by Communists, a charge which allows it to ignore the organization's vast popular support. Publicly, it delegates the circulation of that smear to Senators Jesse Helms and Jeremiah Denton, whose support Crocker is shortly going to need.

Before the end of the last session, the House passed four bills concerning South Africa. The most crucial came in the form of an amendment to the Export Administration Act, sponsored by Representative Stephen Solarz of New York. The amendment prohibits the importing of krugerrands to the United States, ends commercial bank loans to South Africa and makes the Sullivan code on fair employment mandatory for American corporations doing business with apartheid. Other legislation calls for restoration of the Carter ban on the sale of military and police equipment to South Africa, and more strictly limits technology transfers under the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. The Administration opposed the passage of those measures in the House, and will try to kill them in the Senate. That will demonstrate yet again that the United States considers South Africa "part of the family."

Perhaps because his nomination was briefly opposed by Jesse Helms, Chester Crocker has a quite undeserved reputation as a moderate. His "constructive engagement" policy hardly deserves to be called a fig leaf. It is based on the hackneyed idea that quiet diplomacy gets more results. But during the period of its application, all the movement in South Africa has been in the opposite direction. General Viljoen's Sharon-like policy is only the latest development in this evolution, and his use of the Grenada precedent shows how insolently secure he feels.

The Grenada precedent, obviously, has two edges. Recently the United Nations Security Council approved a resolution deploring the invasion of the island; it was cosponsored by Zimbabwe. The Administration's response was to throw quiet diplomacy to the winds. Zimbabwe's share of American aid was cut, overnight, from $75 million to $40 million. In Zimbabwe all adults can vote, and the country is slowly rebuilding after a bloody war of liberation. While Zimbabwe has authoritarian tendencies, South Africa has a frankly totalitarian system. In South Africa only whites can vote, and the armed forces of the country are invading neighboring states. So Zimbabwe gets the hard-cop treatment from Reagan, and South Africa the soft-cop. I read somewhere this week that Jesse Jackson was being oversensitive when he implied that Reagan would care more for Lieutenant Goodman if he were white. How on earth can the Reverend have conceived such a paranoid idea?

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ARTICLES.

LESSONS OF GREYHOUND

U.S. Labor Needs Solidarity Too

SIDNEY LENS

The recent strike at Greyhound Lines highlighted a new and distressing trend. A distinctive feature of labor-management relations from 1946 to 1979 was business's continued acquiescence to union demands for wage increases, even during economic slumps. Since the beginning of this decade, however, that has changed. Real wages were cut not only during the last two recessions, under Carter and Reagan, but also in 1983, the year of economic recovery. Greyhound's success in imposing a 14 percent reduction in wages and benefits on 12,700 bus drivers and other workers is part of this pattern.

There was no compelling economic reason for Greyhound's giveback demands. Unlike Chrysler in 1979, the company was not facing bankruptcy. On the contrary, Greyhound Lines earned a profit of $19.3 million in 1982 (about $1,600 per employee), and its conglomerate parent, the Greyhound Corporation, netted a cool $103 million. The bus line enjoys a near-monopoly on intercity routes, carrying 60 percent of all passengers; its closest rival, Trailways, carries only 17 percent. But Greyhound insisted that with deregulation of the transport industry, it had to make itself competitive with new small nonunion bus and airline companies that could charge lower fares.

There was an element of disingenuousness in Greyhound's plaint. While deregulation sharpens competition initially, its ultimate result is the concentration of economic power in the hands of giants—in this case, Greyhound—as the big fish drive the little fish out of business. However, Greyhound wanted the workers to finance its fight with competitors. Like the nuclear power utilities whose consumers pay for their capital expansion under the "construction while in progress" formula, Greyhound seeks a risk-free capitalism financed by wage cuts.

Wherever one turns in the corporate scene, similar demands are being made, and unions are being forced to give up hard-won gains even though the companies can expect appreciably higher sales and profits as the economic recovery continues. Early in 1983, the steel industry exacted a cut in wages of $1.56 an hour from its workers, took away two holidays and reduced vacation and fringe benefits. In April, Wilson Foods filed for bankruptcy so that it could cancel agreements with the meatcutters union and reduce pay scales by 25 percent. In June, Uniroyal wheedled $27 million in concessions from the rubber workers union.

Syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft wrote that "labor and management [have] developed ingenious ways to make givebacks and moderate wage rises acceptable. In some cases, automatic cost-of-living increases have been translated into partial coverage of health costs. A two-tier system giving far lower wages to starting workers has been initiated." Kraft sees that as a major plus for "wage sanity." In fact, it is the worst setback for unions in a half-century, and in some respects is more ominous than any in the past.

What we are witnessing is not merely a contest between individual corporations and individual unions over dollars and cents but a counterrevolution in labor-management relations aimed at redistributing income and power on a scale not seen since the heyday of the robber barons in the last third of the nineteenth century. Capitalist America has concluded that it can no longer compete with its rivals, especially Germany and Japan, unless it reverses the trend to ever higher living standards that began with the formation of the Congress of Industrial Organizations in 1935. This conclusion dictates that labor be rendered impotent, made as negligible a factor in society as it was in the 1920s and early 1930s, when William Green was president of the American Federation of Labor.

Led by the Reagan Administration, the counterrevolution is proceeding on several fronts. The nonworking poor are being made poorer by reductions in welfare, Medicaid and food stamps, on the assumption that some of them will join the labor force at below-minimum wages, thereby depressing wage rates further. The Administration's acceptance of a high rate of unemployment—8 or 9 percent—as normal helps create a large pool of laborers ready to take the jobs of unionists on strike or threatening to strike. Finally, business is trimming "excess" labor and "excess" wages by introducing labor-saving technology like robotics and computers, demanding employee givebacks and reviving those tried and true techniques for getting more work out of fewer workers, the speedup and the stretchout.

The results of this corporate and government pressure can be shown by a few statistics. Millions of employees have been squeezed out of the manufacturing and construction industries, the heartland of the economy. The machinists union has been losing members at an average rate of 10,000 a month for most of the past two years. The auto workers union has barely two-thirds the membership it had at its peak, and the steelworkers union is faring even worse. In the 1970s labor represented 24 or 25 percent of the work force; today it represents 20 percent.

According to the Labor Department, wage increases in multiyear union contracts negotiated during the first nine months of 1983 averaged a bare 1.7 percent for the first year and 2.8 percent annually for the duration of the contracts. Those are the most meager settlements made in the fifteen years that the department has been compiling figures on collective bargaining agreements. During the same nine months, prices rose 3.7 percent, leaving union members 2 percent

Sidney Lens, senior editor of The Progressive, *was an official and a longtime activist in the labor movement. He has written many books and articles on labor.*

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behind the cost of living, and nonunion employees even worse off. It should be noted that in the previous round of negotiations, those union workers won 9.1 percent raises in the first year and 7.3 percent raises for the following years. Despite the economic recovery, the giveback campaign continues. Of the 1.9 million unionists for whom wage agreements were negotiated in the first nine months of 1983, 800,000 either took wage cuts or agreed to freeze their pay for the duration of the agreements, usually three years. That is hardly what we have come to expect in times of economic upturn.

In the face of this severe turnaround in working-class fortunes, labor's leadership has been immobilized or is in retreat. Take the Greyhound strike. Unionists in some cities—New York, Detroit, Boston and San Francisco, among others—supported the strikers by joining their picket lines or holding rallies in their behalf. That was not nearly enough to turn matters around. A more meaningful solidarity—the kind the Knights of Labor had in mind when they said, "An injury to one is an injury to all"—was totally lacking. In Detroit, repair and maintenance workers as well as those who sell and take tickets are represented by the United Automobile Workers; they crossed picket lines, claiming they were bound by no-strike contracts. A spokeswoman for the strikers in that city said Greyhound would have been forced to shut down if U.A.W. members had stopped servicing the buses. The same situation prevailed in other cities; in some instances the union was affiliated with the striking Amalgamated Transit Union. Truckers who belong to the teamsters union continued to deliver gasoline and other supplies, and their leaders made no effort to stop deliveries.

If the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership was militant and solidarity-minded, it would have called together all the unions involved with Greyhound Lines and got them to agree to respect picket lines—even if their contracts forbid it. Such a course would have been risky. It could have resulted in lawsuits, injunctions, perhaps Presidential intervention; union treasuries could have been drained by costly legal battles or fines. But what other alternative is there? Without unity, business and the government can pick off unions one at a time.

Throughout the labor movement, the malady is the same: lack of solidarity, lack of support from sister organizations. The seventy members of a union I headed in Chicago for many years have been on strike against Burlington Northern Air Freight since the beginning of last February. Burlington Northern is a conglomerate that owns coal mines, rail companies and much else. It can withstand a strike at this small outpost of its empire for a long, long time—unless the strike spreads. There is no doubt that the union legally represents the workers. Recently, it defeated the company by a small margin in a vote on decertification. But that matters little; without support from other organized workers, the striking union is weak. Only a handful of truckers have respected its picket line and no employees from other Burlington Northern facilities have joined its struggle.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership should concentrate on setting up mechanisms for providing support to striking workers. True, in the process it might violate provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. But American labor made its greatest gains in the 1930s, when it refused to respect laws that were unjust, in accordance with the principles of Henry Thoreau. Unionists seized factories and sat inside them until management came to terms, and they committed more serious violations of the law. On innumerable occasions they disobeyed police and court orders to disband picket lines. One would hope that in the 1980s labor solidarity could be achieved at a lesser cost in violence and arrests. In any case, where there are strikes in progress, Lane Kirkland and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ought to form councils composed of the unions that deal directly or indirectly with the struck company. These councils would mobilize their members to respect picket lines and provide other assistance to the strikers. Indeed, if the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is to survive with any degree of buoyancy, it should add to its constitution a provision mandating such councils.

As a second step, Kirkland and his associates should form permanent councils of unions representing workers in specific industries or dealing with the same employer, which would negotiate collectively. Walter Reuther tried that on a modest scale when he headed the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department some decades ago, but the effort was not as extensive as it might have been. Some coordinated bargaining goes on now; for example, thirteen unions negotiate with General Electric and Westinghouse. But it would take a major effort by Kirkland for that to become the norm. The participating unions would have to change their contracts so they had a common expiration date. Petty jealousies and national union leaders' inclination to cling to their prerogatives would be further obstacles. The federation would also need to work out a system for dealing with independent unions such as the teamsters, the United Mine Workers and the United Electrical Workers. But only by resolving those problems and forging unity can Kirkland reverse the present counterrevolutionary tide.

Arresting the wave of concessions should be a top priority for the A.F.L.-C.I.O., if only to keep its present cadres and to entertain a hope of organizing the unorganized. Concessions have become so widespread that a nonunion worker, when given a union organizing leaflet, can only wonder, How much of a wage *cut* are they going to get for me? But there is no urgent desire for militant solidarity in the house of labor, any more than there is a sense of urgency about creating an independent labor party to deal with the broader problems resulting from the counterrevolution.

The prospect is that labor will remain in a holding pattern until a new generation of unionists replaces the present leadership. On its current course the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership is doomed to irrelevance. Just as the myopia of William Green in the 1930s provided an opening for young radical rank-and-file leaders like the Reuthers, Emil Mazey, Bob Travis and hundreds of others, the shortsighted policies of today will provide opportunities for the visionaries of tomorrow. □

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THE TWINKIE MURDERS

The Milk-Moscone Case Revisited

PAUL KRASSNER

"In the Halls of Justice, the only justice is in the halls."
—Lenny Bruce

On January 6, Dan White was released from prison. He served only a little more than five years for killing San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. For a double political assassination, White got off very light indeed.

In November 1978, former cop White handed a letter to Moscone. It said he was resigning from the Board of Supervisors because he couldn't support his wife and baby on the salary—$9,600 a year. He had obtained a lease for a fast-food franchise at Fisherman's Wharf, and now planned to devote himself full time to his restaurant, The Hot Potato. He felt great relief.

However, White had been the swing vote on the board, representing downtown real estate interests and the conservative Police Officers Association. With a promise of financial backing from his family, White changed his mind and told Moscone he wanted his job back. The Mayor said, Sure, a man has the right to change his mind. The opposition to White's return was led by Supervisor Harvey Milk, who was gay. He had cut off his ponytail and put on a suit so he could work within the system, but he refused to hide his sexual preference. Milk warned the pragmatic Moscone that giving the homophobic White his seat back would be seen as an anti-gay move in the homosexual community.

Even a Mayor who wants to run for re-election has the right to change his mind.

On Sunday evening, November 26, a reporter telephoned White and said, "I can tell you from a very good source in the Mayor's office that you definitely are *not* going to be reappointed. Can you comment on that?"

"I don't want to talk about it," White replied. "I don't know anything about that." And he hung up. He stayed on the couch that night, not wanting to keep his wife awake. He didn't get any sleep, just lay there brooding. He decided to go to City Hall on Monday morning. When his former aide, Denise Apcar, picked him up at 10:15, he didn't come out the front door as he normally would; he emerged from the garage. He had gone down there to put on his service revolver, a .38 Special which he always kept loaded. He opened a box of extra cartridges, which were packed in rows of five, and put ten of them, wrapped in a handkerchief so they wouldn't rattle, into his pocket.

Paul Krassner, former editor of The Realist, *performs stand-up comedy and is writing his unauthorized autobiography for St. Martin's Press.*

At City Hall, he went up the stairs to the main entrance. He didn't recognize the security guard monitoring the metal detector at the door, so he went around to the side of the building and entered through a large basement window. He proceeded to the Mayor's office, where he shot George Moscone twice in the body, then two more times in the head, executioner-style, as he lay on the floor. The cigarette in Moscone's hand was still burning when the paramedic arrived.

White then crossed a long corridor to the area where the supervisors' offices are. His name had already been removed from his door but he still had the key. He went inside and reloaded the gun. Then he walked out, past Supervisor (now Mayor) Diane Feinstein's office. She called to him, but he didn't stop. "I have something to do first," he told her. Harvey Milk was in his office, thanking a friend who had just loaned him $3,000. Dan White walked in and said, "Can I talk to you for a minute, Harvey?" Milk followed White into his inner office. White fired three shots into his body, and when Milk was on the floor, two more into his head.

George Moscone's body was buried. Harvey Milk's was cremated. His ashes were placed in a box which was wrapped in "Doonesbury" comic strips; then they were scattered at sea. They had been mixed with the contents of two packets of grape Kool-Aid, and formed a purple patch on the Pacific. Harvey would've liked that touch.

When San Francisco District Attorney Joe Freitas learned of the killings, he was in Washington, conferring with the State Department about the mass suicide-murder in Jonestown, Guyana, which had occurred nine days earlier. He immediately assumed that Moscone and Milk had been assassinated by a People's Temple hit squad. After all, George Moscone was number one on their list.

Freitas had been a close friend of Jim Jones. After the massacre in Guyana, he released a previously "confidential" report, which said that his office had uncovered evidence to support charges of homicide, child abduction, extortion, arson, battery, drug use, diversion of welfare funds, sexual abuse and kidnapping against members of the sect. The purported investigation had not begun until after Jones left San Francisco. No charges were ever filed, and the People's Temple case was put on "inactive status."

Busloads of illegally registered People's Temple members had voted in the 1975 San Francisco election, as well as in the runoff that put George Moscone in office. Freitas appointed lawyer Tim Stoen to look into possible voter fraud. At the time, Stoen was serving as Jim Jones's chief legal adviser. Freitas later piously accused him of short-circuiting the investigation, but after Stoen left the case, the D.A.'s office assured the registrar there was no need to retain the voting rosters, and they were destroyed. Several former members of the People's Temple had heard about the fraudulent voting, but the eyewitnesses died at Jonestown.

In addition, an article in the *San Francisco Examiner* alleged that Mayor Moscone had called off a police investigation of gunrunning by the temple, which had arranged to ship ex-

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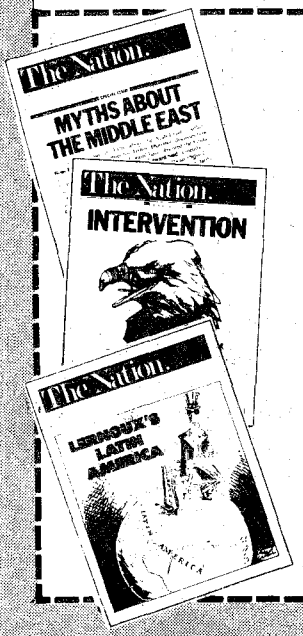

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plosives, weapons and large amounts of cash to South America via Canada.

The day before Dan White's trial, Assistant District Attorney Tom Norman, who was slated to bring the case for the prosecution, was standing in an elevator at the Hall of Justice. He heard a voice behind him say, "Tom Norman, you're a motherfucker for prosecuting Dan White." He turned around and saw a half-dozen police inspectors. He flushed and faced the door again. The cops were his drinking buddies, and now they were all mad at him.

"I didn't know who said it," he confided to a courtroom artist for a television station, "and I didn't want to know." We can only speculate about the chilling effect that incident had on the prosecutor's presentation of his case.

In his opening statement, Norman told the jury that White had reloaded his gun in the Mayor's office. According to the transcript of White's tape-recorded confession:

> Q. And do you know how many shots you fired?
> A. Uh—no, I don't, I don't, I out of instinct when I, I reloaded the gun, ah—you know, it's just the training I had, you know.
> Q. Where did you reload?
> A. I reloaded in my office when, when I was—I couldn't out in the hall.

Which makes it slightly less instinctive. The prosecution sought to prove that the murders had been premeditated, but ignored the evidence of this in White's confession. If White's reloading had been, as he said, "instinctive," then he would indeed have done it in Moscone's office, as Norman said; and if it was truly an instinctive act, he would have reloaded again after killing Harvey Milk. A psychiatrist testified that White must have been mistaken in his recollection of where he reloaded. The evidence on this key question became so muddled that one juror later recalled, "It was a very important issue, but it was never determined where he reloaded—in Moscone's office or just prior to saying, 'Harvey, I want to talk with you.'"

Norman simply bungled his case and allowed the defense to use Dan White's confession to its own advantage. The mere transcript of the confession cannot recapture the sound of White's anguish. He was like a boy, sobbing uncontrollably because he would not be allowed to play on the Little League team. When the tape was played in the courtroom, reporters cried, along with members of White's family, spectators, jurors, an assistant D.A. and White himself, live and on tape.

And yet the heart-wrenching recording was contradicted by the testimony of White's former aide, Denise Apcar. In White's statement, he said that after shooting Moscone, "I was going to go down the stairs, and then I saw Harvey Milk's aide across the hall . . . and then it struck me about what Harvey had tried to do [fight White's reappointment] and I said, 'Well, I'll go talk to him.'" But Apcar testified that while she was driving him to City Hall, White said he wanted to talk to *both* Moscone and Milk.

In his confession White stated, "I don't know why I put [my gun] on," and at the trial, psychiatrists offered reasons ranging from the psychological (it was "a security blanket") to the practical (for self-defense against a People's Temple hit squad). But as one former police officer told me, "An off-duty cop carrying his gun for protection isn't gonna take extra bullets. If he can't save his life with the bullets already in his gun, then he's done for."

In the tearful confession, which he made to his old friend and former softball coach, Police Inspector Frank Falzon, White claimed, "I was leaving the house to talk, to see the Mayor, and I went downstairs to, to make a phone call, and I had my gun down there." But there was a phone upstairs, and White was home alone; his wife had already gone to The Hot Potato. Falzon never asked White the question any junior-high-school kid playing detective would ask: Dan, who did you call?

Communication between the counterculture and Middle America has always been a two-way street paved with irony. Dale Metcalf, a former Merry Prankster who is a dope lawyer, was playing chess with Steven Scherr, an associate of Dan White's defense attorney. Metcalf, a health freak, had just read *Orthomolecular Nutrition* by Abraham Hoffer. Metcalf questioned Scherr about White's diet and learned that while under stress he would consume candy bars and soft drinks. Metcalf recommended the book to Scherr, even suggesting the author as an expert witness. Hoffer reveals almost a personal vendetta against doughnuts, and Dan White once ate five in a row.

The late J.I. Rodale, the health-food and publishing magnate, once claimed in an editorial in his magazine *Prevention* that Lee Harvey Oswald had been seen holding a Coca-Cola bottle only minutes after the assassination of President Kennedy. From this he concluded that Oswald was not responsible for the killing because his brain was confused; he was a "sugar drunkard." Rodale, who died of a heart attack during a taping of *The Dick Cavett Show*, in the midst of explaining how good nutrition guarantees a long life, called for a full-scale investigation of crimes caused by sugar consumption.

During Dan White's trial, one psychiatrist testified, "If not for the aggravating fact of junk food, the homicides might not have taken place." Another stated that on the night before the murders, "getting depressed about the fact he would not be reappointed, he just sat there before the TV, bingeing on Twinkies."

In the aftermath of the "Twinkie insanity defense," a representative of the I.T.T.-owned Continental Baking Company asserted that the notion that overdosing on the cream-filled goodies could lead to murderous behavior was "poppycock" and "crap"—apparently artificial ingredients, along with sodium pyrophosphate and yellow dye—while another spokesperson for I.T.T. couldn't believe "that a rational jury paid serious attention to that issue."

Nonetheless, some jurors did. One said that Dan White "sounded like he had hypoglycemia."

Defense attorney Doug Schmidt's closing argument became almost a parody of this defense. Dan White did not have to be "slobbering at the mouth" to be subject to dimin-

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ished capacity. Nor was this simply a case of "eat a Twinkie and go crazy."

White never testified at his trial. He sat in a state of complete control which bordered on catatonia, listening to psychiatrists tell how out of control he had been. He had no close friends to confide in and ended up telling his story to various psychiatrists hired by the defense, who repeated the details in court. Taking notes was his wife, Mary Ann, writing poignant squibs like, "Danny didn't intend to shoot anyone," and "Lack of sex drive."

The Madonna-like Mary Ann White sat behind her husband in the front row of spectators. The jury couldn't help but notice. Since she was to testify for the defense, prosecutor Tom Norman could have had her excluded from the courtroom. For that matter, he could have excluded from the jury George Mintzer, an executive at the Bechtel Company, which had contributed to Dan White's campaign for supervisor. Mintzer was foreman of the jury.

Ordinarily a prosecutor seeks jury members who favor the death penalty, because they have a psychological urge to punish. In this case, though, the jurors seemed more interested in punishing Moscone and Milk for their horrible treatment of poor Dan White.

The estimated shelf life of a Twinkie is seven years. That's two years longer than Dan White spent behind bars. When he was released this month, that Twinkie in his cupboard was still edible. But White will probably have it bronzed. □

INDIAN RE-EDUCATION CAMPS

'War of Ideas' Guatemalan-Style

NANCY PECKENHAM

One hot August morning in Mazatenango, a departmental capital on Guatemala's fertile southern coast, a group of journalists snaked their way through a crowd of spectators gathered at the local soccer stadium to witness a media event: the swearing-in of 4,000 men as members of the military-run civil patrols. The ceremony was followed by a staged reunion of 166 "ex-subversives" and their families. As the civil patrollers marched in dizzying circles, pledging their allegiance to the flag and the nation, the military bands beat out a crisp marching tune and local dignitaries perspired under the scorching sun. The former subversives stood in a wavering military formation, holding hand-lettered signs that read: "Forgive us, people of Suchitepéquez. We repent."

These men, according to local army commanders, were repenting their past association with the guerrilla forces. Arms caches displayed days earlier to the press were intended to suggest that the 166 men were all armed combatants. At most they were unarmed collaborators, some of the thousands of people the Guatemalan military is relocating near military bases throughout the country in an attempt to reduce the guerrillas' popular support. Once the army places them there, it tries to force their loyalty. Once satisfied with the results, it allows them to return to their villages.

In Mazatenango, the men's release was accompanied by considerable fanfare and publicity. Television cameras and news photographers were there to provide the national press coverage that is an intrinsic part of the military's campaign to improve its image among civilians. In a curiously inverted portrayal of events, the military is presented as the hero, protecting civilians who recognize the error they made in supporting the guerrillas.

For the past several years, members of the U.S. Congress and international human rights groups have accused the Guatemalan Army of committing numerous atrocities against the civilian population, particularly the Indians who live in the highlands. In 1982, the army launched a civic action program to complement its military effort to win the allegiance of the people. A similar counterinsurgency campaign, Operation Goodwill, is floundering in El Salvador under U.S. direction; Guatemala's generals claim they have found success because of their emphasis on re-indoctrinating the people with a pro-government ideology.

"This is not a war of guns, it is a war of ideas," Lieut. Col. Julio Cabelleros, the commander of the Mazatenango base, explained to the group of journalists, who had been driven in from Guatemala City. The ideological war stems from the "beans and bullets" program introduced in 1982 by President Efraín Ríos Montt, who was overthrown in the coup of August 8, 1983. Under that program, the army offers food and protection to poor people in rural areas who have been displaced by the fighting. Ignoring the major role its brutal offensive against the guerrillas has played in creating the chaos, the army seeks to win the allegiance of the civilians through a combination of food aid and re-indoctrination.

In the humid green hills of the department of Alta Verapaz, northeast of Mazatenango, I saw one such re-education program, the Pilot Plan of the Verapaces, in action. At the army base in Cobán, the ideological war is conducted out of a special office called S-5. Saul Figueroa, head of the office, explained its purpose: "Our war is psychological and biological, to convince people. We must learn to fight like they [the guerrillas] are fighting."

At the foot of the base, in a camp behind barbed wire and guarded by a military checkpoint, more than 800 Kekchí and Pokomchí Indians are undergoing re-education. Inside the entrance to the camp is stretched a banner that reads, "The Guatemalan Army is taking care of refugees, victims of subversion."

The people in the Cobán camp are some of the several hundred thousand Guatemalans who were displaced from their villages in 1981 and 1982. During the first six months of 1982, according to the Guatemalan Justice and Peace Committee, the army ransacked 221 villages, leaving 6,879 people dead. The survivors fled to the mountains, where

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they organized into mobile communities and rationed their shrinking food supplies. Some were protected against the army by guerrilla forces; others were on their own.

Determined to flush out the fugitives, the army sent planes to drop leaflets telling the people they would be given food if they turned themselves in. Although wary of the army's promise, a few of the people felt it offered the only alternative to starvation, and relented. Most were rounded up during military operations and brought to army bases. Some resisted; many of them were shot. At the bases, the re-education process began. Food was the primary tool for winning the refugees' trust.

Figueroa admits that considerations other than ideological opposition to the guerrillas drew most people to the Cobán camp. "The ideological reasons came to them when they got here," he told me. "We made them see the difference between being with the authorities and being with the subversives, what aid they gave and what aid we give here."

Controlling the food supply is a basic tactic in counter-insurgency warfare, and officials in Alta Verapaz constantly emphasize the need to keep rural people from starving. According to Figueroa, food and medicine are contributed by international organizations, including the U.N. World Food Program, the U.S. Agency for International Development, CARE and UNICEF, and by the Guatemalan government and private donors. Officials say much more is needed.

That point was underscored during my visit. A convoy of jeeps and cars arrived at the camp, bearing the base commander, the governor of Alta Verapaz and a well-tanned local plantation owner, who had donated food to the camp. After private security guards had unloaded bags of Incaparina, a high-protein powder, the Indians were assembled. There were speeches, followed by much applause; then the commander praised the plantation owner's generosity and urged other local citizens to follow suit.

A different picture emerged the next day. A health worker from the area nervously described to me how soldiers wearing civilian clothes had raided the village of Aguacate, burning houses and destroying cornfields which were ripe for harvest. The commander's speech could then be seen in a new light. Feeding the hungry is not the army's true concern; rather it seeks to bring civilians under its control by destroying their sources of food.

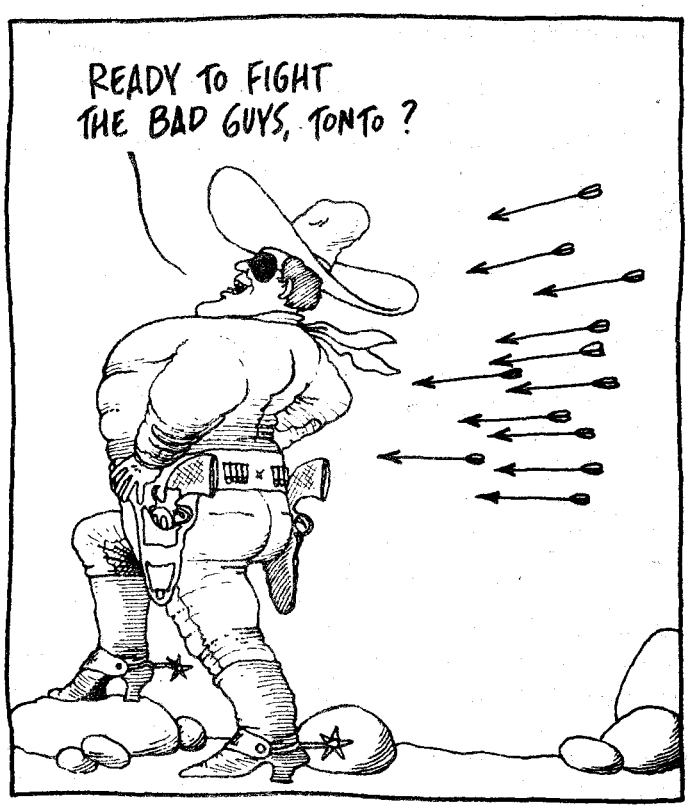
So long as the supplies of food and medicine continue to come to the camps, the directors are confident they can win the Indians' allegiance. "By nature the Indian is ignorant and illiterate," said Figueroa. "They are susceptible, easily molded, like mud." The Indians had been duped by the guerrillas to believe in the "promised land," said camp director Julio Corsantes. The government's task was an easy one, a matter of "winding the cassette back and re-recording it."

A typical day at the camp begins at 5 A.M., with a flag-raising ceremony and a patriotic speech. After breakfast ideological lectures begin. Showing me the camp schedule, Corsantes explained, "Look, you're going to see ideological talks about ten times a day, because that's our job, to harp on and harp on." Corsantes said he tells the Indians that instead of redistributing the nation's wealth among the poor, as they had promised to do, the guerrillas brought sickness and starvation. The army's largesse is contrasted to the guerrillas' destructiveness, but the army's role in creating poverty, sickness and death is never mentioned.

Sometimes in the evening, films are shown. Two of the staff's favorites provide a contrast between life in the Soviet Union and life in the United States. The film about the Soviet Union has scenes of soldiers beating people and of citizens queuing up for food while their Communist bosses drive around in big cars. In the film about the United States, people are portrayed as being happy in their work; they drive tractors and at the end of the day go out and have a good time. After the screening, Corsantes will open the discussion by asking, "How do you want to work? Like Russia—or like the United States?"

The training and ideological reorientation lasts from two to six months, or until the camp officials are convinced a group of Indians have been completely re-educated. The "graduates" are sent back to their villages, where they are supervised by military personnel, who guide them in selecting leaders who, in Figueroa's words, "know how to control the social situation." The men in the village are required to serve in civil patrols, thus enabling the military to keep track of their whereabouts at all times.

The Verapaces plan is being carried out in a part of Guatemala where centuries ago the Indians successfully resisted the conquistadors, and where government control of the people has always been tenuous. Despite the civic action program, that is still the case. An incident that occurred early last year exemplifies the government's problems. A group of refugees turned themselves in, and according to



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Figueroa, seemed to embrace the government's ideology. But after they received their amnesty papers, they went back to the guerrillas. "Now we are learning," Figueroa said, "we can't let them go until they've totally changed their ideology."

According to a government employee who has worked in the Cobán camp, however, the Indians just nod their heads, pretending to agree with what they are told, patiently waiting to be returned to their villages. Once they are home and see the burned cornfields and houses, even those who support the government will realize that the army's ideology is a sham, incapable of eliminating the chronic poverty and inequities that breed discontent.

Contrary to Corsante's suggestion, few if any of those subsistence-level farmers will ever sit atop a tractor, working freely and happily. When the army's promises are exposed as false and the civilians escape the military's control, it will be time again for the strategists to return to their maps and plan the next, more brutal phase of the counterinsurgency war. □

THE CONSERVATIVE LABYRINTH

Old Right? New Right? One Right

JOHN S. SALOMA 3d

In confronting the conservative challenge of the 1980s, the media, Democratic Party regulars and left-liberal activists have devoted most of their attention to the New Right and its allies on the religious right. The social conservatism, rigid anticommunism and hardball political campaigning of New Right professionals like Paul Weyrich of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and of Coalitions for America, direct-mail specialist Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus, Terry Dolan of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and their protégé, the Rev. Jerry Falwell of the Moral Majority, have made them "the enemy" in the eyes of Democratic liberals, organized labor, blacks, feminists, gay activists, environmentalists and the left in general. (Other enemies include Senator Jesse Helms and former Secretary of the Interior James Watt.)

But the liberals' focus is too limited. Their failure to place the New Right in a historical context has led them to underestimate the conservative challenge. There are at least two deficiencies in many liberal analyses of the New Right. First, many liberals do not perceive the interconnections between the New Right, the old right and Republican Party organizations. Second, and more important, they do not see the mutually supportive roles of the conservative political action groups, think tanks and the corporate community.

One case in point is Alan Crawford's *Thunder on the Right: The "New Right" and the Politics of Resentment,* an inside view of conservative politics by a defector from the Viguerie organization. Crawford's book is filled with valuable information on the people who transformed the right from a motley band of isolated groups into "an institutionalized, disciplined, well-organized, and well-financed movement of loosely knit affiliates" by the 1970s. But Crawford does not link the political organizations with the conservative think tanks, despite common sources of corporate and foundation funding, interconnections through boards of directors and members of Congress, similar or overlapping public relations strategies and complementary policy agendas.

For a fuller understanding of the New Right we must look at its history. The old right and New Right span three or four decades of activists. The old right of William F. Buckley Jr. and his associates dates back to the early 1950s. In 1953 the Intercollegiate Studies Institute (I.S.I.) of Bryn Mawr was founded as a conservative student organization, with Buckley as its first president. In 1955, Buckley started *National Review*, with William Rusher as publisher. In September 1960, Buckley hosted a meeting of ninety-three college students at his Sharon, Connecticut, estate; the result of their discussions was a conservative manifesto, the Sharon Statement, and a conservative organization known as Young Americans for Freedom (Y.A.F.). In 1961, Richard Viguerie answered an advertisement in *National Review* for a political organizer and was hired by Rusher as the Y.A.F.'s executive secretary. Rusher and F. Clifton White, having cut their political teeth in the Young Republican National Federation (Y.R.N.F.), became the political strategists of the ideologically distinct conservative movement that gained control of the Republican Party in 1964. Following the election that year, conservative activists regrouped under a new umbrella, the American Conservative Union, while a wave of conservative organizations like Goldwater's Free Society Association, the United Republicans of America and the Conservative Victory Fund appeared to supplement Y.A.F. and *Human Events*, the movement's unofficial newspaper.

The mid-1970s saw the entry on the scene of strategists like Paul Weyrich and money men like Joseph Coors and Richard Scaife. The passage of the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974 provided an opportunity for Viguerie's direct-mail fund-raising operation and led to the formation of the leading New Right organizations. The interaction of generations of conservative activists was exemplified by Representative Robert Bauman's resignation as chairman of

John S. Saloma 3d, who died last July, was co-founder of the Ripon Society and professor of political science at M.I.T. He is the author of Congress and the New Politics *(Little, Brown) and co-author with Frederick Sontag of* Parties: The Real Opportunity for Effective Citizen Politics *(Knopf). This article is excerpted from* Ominous Politics: The New Conservative Labyrinth, *a Nation Institute book to be published by Hill and Wang.* *Copyright © 1984 by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.*

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the American Conservative Union. When Bauman was revealed to be homosexual in 1980, Weyrich and other New Right leaders called for his resignation on the grounds that he could "no longer be a credible spokesman for causes." But not until Buckley and other senior conservatives intervened did Bauman step down.

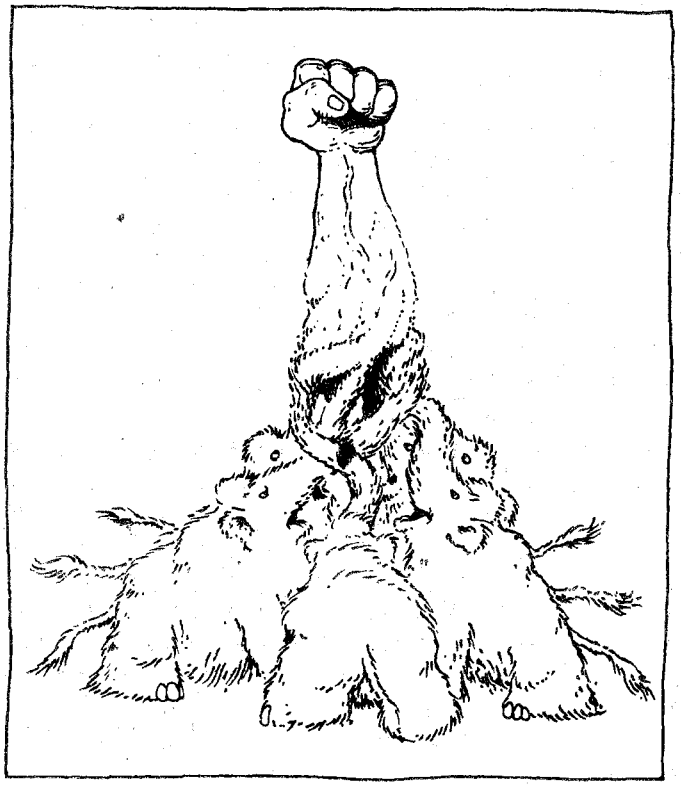
The differences between old right and New Right should not be exaggerated. Many of the important players have been active since the 1950s. Phyllis Schlafly's tract, *A Choice, Not an Echo*, was one of the key texts of the Draft Goldwater movement; her conservative women's organization, the Eagle Forum, is a product of the conservative consolidation and development that took place after 1964; and the success of her anti-E.R.A. campaign was a significant victory for New Right political strategy in the 1970s and 1980s. The powerful and shadowy Y.R.N.F. trained and advanced the careers of future party leaders and professionals like the late John Ashbrook, William Brock, Donald (Buz) Lukens and William Timmons.

Besides their success in uniting disparate organizations and generations of leadership, conservatives have excelled in developing such devices as the weekend strategy planning session (usually held at an airport motel) and the regularly scheduled coordinating meeting. The former was brought to perfection by F. Clifton White of Y.R.N.F. and the Goldwater organizers. A more recent example was the May 1979 strategy session held at the Marriott near Washington's Dulles Airport for a hundred conservative political, religious and business leaders, chaired by Terry Dolan. The invitation, signed by eight U.S. senators, set specific guidelines to insure that the meeting would remain "very private and confidential."

Organizing more visible coordinating groups has been Weyrich's specialty. The Kingston group, which has been functioning for eleven years, consists of more than fifty participants who meet every Friday to discuss economic and institutional issues. The Library Court group, chaired by Weyrich's associate Connaught (Connie) Marshner, meets every other Thursday to discuss social issues (last year the group tried to resolve a split on antiabortion tactics). A third Weyrich outfit, known as the Stanton group, meets on alternate Thursdays to review defense issues. The Reagan White House and New Right senators like Jesse Helms regularly send representatives to these meetings. Helms's former aide John Carbaugh has organized an even more select foreign-policy circle known as the Madison group. Membership in this Friday luncheon club is limited to conservative Congressional staff aides with security clearance of top secret or higher. Still another coordinating group, on election strategy, is chaired by New Right activist Morton Blackwell and meets for lunch every other Monday at the Key Bridge Marriott across the river from Washington.

Conservatives have developed what might be described as a cadre system for advancing the careers of people they favor. Senior conservatives like Rusher and neoconservatives like Viguerie and Irving Kristol function as scouts, steering promising young people to fellowship opportunities, research grants, publishing jobs or staff positions with the Administration. One of the most interesting yet relatively unknown talent-spotting operations is the I.S.I.-Weaver Fellow network. Over the past twenty years, Weaver Fellowships have financed advanced studies for close to 300 university graduates.

Among the most successful Weaver alumni is Heritage Foundation president Edwin Feulner. Feulner, a 1965 fellow and a trustee of I.S.I., has held a range of positions within the right-wing network: administrative assistant to Representative Philip Crane, confidential aide to Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, executive director of the Republican Study Committee and fellow at both the Hoover Institution and the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies (C.S.I.S.). Feulner appointed former Reagan national security adviser Richard Allen—an I.S.I. trustee active in the conservative networks since his undergraduate years at Notre Dame in the mid-1950s—as a Heritage Foundation Distinguished Fellow. Reagan's Secretary of the Navy, John F. Lehman, an outspoken defender of Allen when he was under attack for accepting gifts from Japanese businessmen, is a 1964 Weaver Fellow and has held a string of top positions in Republican Administrations. Charles Heatherly, who edited Heritage's blueprint for Reagan's transition team, *Mandate for Leadership*, and is now executive secretary to Department of Education head Terrell Bell, is a former I.S.I. regional director. Wayne H. Valis, Reagan's former special assistant for public liaison with the American business community, once edited I.S.I.'s *Intercollegiate Review* (one of five journals published by the organization) and has been active in I.S.I. since 1963. Paul Craig Roberts, who served on the staff of *The Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page and as a senior fellow in political economy at C.S.I.S. before being appointed Reagan's



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Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Economic Policy, has been a faculty member of I.S.I.'s summer institutes. Roberts, a leading publicist for supply-side economics, left the Administration in January 1982 to become the first occupant of the William E. Simon Chair in Political Economy at C.S.I.S., endowed with $2 million in pledges from twenty corporate and foundation donors, including W.R. Grace and Company.

Left-liberal researchers, using the files of Group Research of Washington, D.C., an organization which has monitored the right, have partially documented the extensive interlocking directorates of and interconnections among the conservative political action groups. Their findings show that Richard Viguerie has been especially adept in training a political cadre and establishing, staffing and funding new organizations. A similar network operates out of the Y.A.F.

The conservative spectrum extends from "responsible" right-of-center organizations like the Conservative Caucus to groups on the far right like the Liberty Lobby, an anti-Zionist organization, and the John Birch Society; but two points about that spectrum should be stressed. First, centrist groups within it have always been able to work with those on the far right. Goldwater's statement that "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice" at the 1964 Republican National Convention signaled an effective working alliance in the elections. Although the extreme right was less vocal and less visible in the media in the years immediately following the Goldwater debacle, it has maintained its organizational strength and adopted the latest political technologies. The New Right–Birch connections have been most visible in the Schlafly organization, although they are also important in the religious right. Warren Richardson, whom Reagan nominated as Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services, withdrew when it was revealed that he had been general counsel of the Liberty Lobby from 1969 to 1973.

Of perhaps greater significance, some organizations have made an effort to gain respectability and shed their ultraright image. The Hoover Institution shifted its emphasis from cold war anticommunism to American studies and public policy during the 1970s. Georgetown's C.S.I.S. followed a similar course. The National Right to Work Committee (following the lead of Mobil Oil) has placed advertisements for its legal defense fund in *The New York Review of Books*. The Heritage Foundation has forged alliances with neoconservatives and the Reagan Administration.

The most dramatic example of this effort to "clean up" the far right is the case of the American Security Council (A.S.C.). Founded in Chicago in 1955 as the Mid-American Research Library, the organization's initial function was to compile files on suspected Communists who might apply for jobs in the private sector. Sponsoring corporations included Sears, Roebuck & Company, Motorola and Marshall Field and Company. At its peak, the council served more than 1,500 firms as a private Federal Bureau of Investigation or Senate Internal Security Committee, maintaining 6 million personnel file cards and a specialized subversive-activities library. Its president, John Fisher, who came to the organization from Sears in 1956, later announced that the council was shifting its focus to "international security and nuclear strategy." Fisher is another figure whose involvement in the labyrinth spans more than two decades. In 1966, the Chicago library was closed and the A.S.C. moved to the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Boston, Virginia. (The files, which have been described by some observers as America's largest private collection of dossiers on the political beliefs of individuals, are currently housed in the council's Sol Feinstone Library for the Survival of Freedom.)

The A.S.C. had approximately 300,000 members in 1983 and at least thirty staff members; its annual mailings are sent to millions. During the nuclear freeze initiative campaign, it provided coordination and limited funding to local opposition groups. A.S.C. has been the organizational force behind such conservative action groups as the Coalition for Peace Through Strength.

The conservative political action groups have made full use of the latest political technology, copying the successes of the liberal National Committee for an Effective Congress and Common Cause. (California Common Cause executive director Walter Zelman recently admitted that his organization had de-emphasized many of its lobbying techniques because they had been so effectively eclipsed by conservative and business lobbies.) In direct-mail campaigns, the conservatives as well as the Republican Party have been leaders.

The Viguerie Company (T.V.C.) is a major nexus for conservative organizational activity via direct mail. Starting with the names of 12,500 contributors to the 1964 Goldwater campaign, Viguerie has systematically built a computer data bank containing approximately 20 million names and 4.5 million contributors. Some of T.V.C.'s past and present clients include NCPAC, the Conservative Caucus, Christian Crusade, Korean Cultural Freedom Foundation (a group of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon), Pink Sheet on the Left, National Right to Work Committee, Gun Owners of America, Young Americans for Freedom, Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and numerous campaign committees such as those of Senator Jesse Helms and of the late Georgia Democratic Representative Larry McDonald (who had succeeded Robert Welch as head of the John Birch Society). T.V.C. also worked on several of its clients' special projects, including Radio Free Asia, Panama Canal Truth Squad and Americans Against Union Control of Government.

Largely as a result of Viguerie's expertise, in 1980 New Right political action committees led the field in political fund-raising among groups monitored by the Federal Election Commission. The top three PACs were from the New Right, and three more conservative groups were in the top ten. The largest PAC in the country was Senator Helms's National Congressional Club, which raised $7.9 million in the 1979-80 reporting period and made $4.6 million in "independent expenditures" in support of the Reagan Presidential campaign. A close second was Terry Dolan's National Conservative Political Action Committee, a T.V.C.

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client, with $7.6 million raised and $3.3 million in independent expenditures, mostly targeted at liberal Democratic senators. According to estimates by sources close to the company, Viguerie's direct-mail efforts raised between $35 million and $40 million for his clients in 1980.

At least as important as the actual funds raised is the investment in developing and updating mailing lists. The conservatives have built an effective communications tool which is capable of targeting single-issue constituencies. When the Conservative Caucus's national director Howard Phillips boasts, "We organize discontent" and "must prove our ability to get revenge on people who go against us," he and his organization have at their disposal a weapon that by Viguerie's estimate is at least a decade ahead of anything the liberals have.

T.V.C. publishes a glossy, full-color magazine, *Conservative Digest*, which operates at an annual deficit. Alan Crawford, the magazine's former assistant editor, says it was aimed at Gov. George Wallace's constituency as well as traditional conservatives, and that its editorial library included Birchite periodicals but not the more moderate conservative publications like *Human Events*. Crawford left after it became clear that *Conservative Digest* is, as he puts it, "little more than an adjunct of the Viguerie fund-raising operation, functioning to promote 'rising stars on the right' [many of whom were T.V.C. clients] as well as to cover political developments." Before he sold it about a year ago, Viguerie also published "The New Right Report," a semimonthly newsletter for political activists.

T.V.C. has trained scores of young men and women in direct mail, communications and other organizational tasks, feeding them into staff positions in the Republican Party, Congress and various conservative organizations. Of the fifty major political direct-mail consultants nationwide, about forty are conservative and Republican. Stephen Winchell and Associates, a firm formed in 1976, has contracts with the three Republican national campaign committees. Winchell is a former executive vice president of The Viguerie Company. Former Viguerie aide Morton Blackwell, who organized the Committee for Responsible Youth Politics in 1972 and is now special assistant to the President, has played a central role in developing conservative talent. One of Viguerie's most ambitious efforts has been the founding of a conservative Council for National Policy to rival the liberal Council on Foreign Relations. The council includes most of the activist leaders on the right and draws on conservative contributors like Joseph Coors and Nelson Bunker Hunt.

Another example of the organizational skill of the conservatives is the work of Paul Weyrich, considered by many to be *the* organizational genius of the New Right. One of the most impressive Weyrich creations, relatively unknown to the media and general public, is the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, a tax-exempt affiliate of Weyrich's Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress. Since 1978 the Free Congress Foundation has published a weekly newsletter, "The Political Report," which features the best reporting on Congressional districts and candidates that many Washington professionals say they have ever seen. In 1980 the foundation started a monthly newsletter, "Initiative and Referendum Report," to provide comprehensive, up-to-date information about important state and local issues. The foundation helped organize national and regional conferences that studied coalition formation in legislatures as "an important political trend" of the 1980s. It also sponsors post-election analysis conferences for campaign managers and political consultants. Such research complements the activities of the rest of the conservative network and its coordinating strategy groups. For example, the foundation sponsored a study titled "Negative Campaigns and Negative Votes: The 1980 Elections," by pollster V. Lance Tarrance Jr., assessing the impact of groups like NCPAC and the Moral Majority on three Senate races. A third newsletter, the monthly "Family Protection Report," edited by Connie Marshner, covers national, state and local developments "of importance to the traditional family and its values."

The steady development of numerous conservative political action groups and the growth of conservative think

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tanks represents something quite new—in terms of resources and sophistication—in American politics. Add to that the ideological fervor of the conservative activists and there is a formidable force for change. The strident anticommunism of the Sharon Statement ("The forces of International Communism are, at present, the greatest single threat to those liberties," and "The United States should stress victory over, rather than coexistence with, this menace") survives in the campaign of conservatives and neoconservatives against the Western European-Soviet gas pipeline and for military intervention in Central America. It was the force behind the President's 1983 speech in Miami in which he claimed that the Soviet Union is the focus of all evil in the world. On economic and social policy issues, young conservatives are equally determined. "We are different from previous generations of conservatives," says Weyrich. "We are no longer working to preserve the status quo. We are radicals, working to overturn the present power structure of this country." □

The Regime

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

foreigners. Msgr. Luigi Conti, the former Papal Nuncio to Haiti, expressed the feelings of most of those people in his farewell address to the diplomatic corps on December 6. "Soon the Haitian masses will participate in the political evolution of the country," he said, adding pointedly that his diplomatic colleagues "will be able to verify if the February 12 vote is honest, free and democratic."

All fifty-nine seats in Haiti's unicameral legislature, known as the Legislative House, will be contested. Pro-Duvalier candidates have filed in every district; they face serious challenges in only a few of them, where "independents" and opposition candidates have announced their intention to run. The most troublesome candidate from the regime's point of view is Grégoire Eugène, the exiled leader of Haiti's Christian Social Party, which stands for peaceful democratic change and proposes development through a mixed economy. He is running in Port-au-Prince's first electoral district, the most populous one. The regime's choice to oppose him is Edner Day, who resigned as prefect of Port-au-Prince in order to run. (A prefect is a governor appointed by the President.)

If the government allows Eugène to run unimpeded, it risks defeat in its capital. It does not want a repeat of the situation that occurred in the February 1979 legislative elections, when an obscure candidate named Alexandre Lérouge took 90 percent of the vote in Cap Haitien, despite the army's efforts to intimidate voters. Far from being an unknown, Eugène is a prominent critic of Duvalier's rule. A former professor of constitutional law at the University of Haiti, he was publisher of *Fraternité*, a widely read opposition weekly founded during the 1979 "flowering of democracy," a period when repression was eased due in part to the Carter Administration's prodding. With the election of Ronald Reagan, however, the political thaw quickly became a deep freeze. Correctly assuming that the new Administration was more interested in anticommunism than in human rights, the regime reverted to its old ways. Scores of dissenters were exiled, jailed and tortured, or driven underground. Eugène was forced to leave the country.

Now the government is doing everything it can to prevent him from participating in the February elections. The Haitian Consulate in New York City, where Eugène lives, impounded his expired passport when he turned it in last year and has blocked him from obtaining a new one. Eugène first applied for a new document on November 25; he complied meticulously with regulations, paying the $53.40 fee. But when he returned to pick up his passport a few days later, as he had been instructed to do, he was told by Consul General Carlo Noël that his request would have to be reviewed in Haiti, by Lafontant. Unfortunately, he was out of the country. On his second visit to the consulate, on December 15, Eugène was told that no decision had been made.

Noël was not available for comment, but Vice Consul Ulrick Lafontant told me, "The conditions in which Grégoire Eugène left Haiti mandate that Minister Lafontant review his case before telling the Department of Foreign Affairs what to do." He added, "We are in permanent contact with Port-au-Prince on this matter." Meanwhile, Eugène told me that the consulate called him and suggested that he pick up the money he paid for renewing the passport. "I'm not interested in the money," the exiled leader said. "I want a decision on the passport issue first."

"It's a game they're playing," he continued. "They'll probably relent and issue me a passport at the last minute." He noted that the delay "causes prejudice to my candidacy and diminishes the chances of my party in the election." He said that upon his return to Haiti he would urge other Social Christians to enter as many contests as possible. But he realizes he must begin his campaign soon. He said he would "no longer be interested in participating in this parody of democracy" if he was not in Haiti by the end of the first week in January. As of this writing, he was still in New York.

Lafontant's power to deny visas and passports, a function that until a few months ago resided in the Ministry of External Affairs, gives him control over the entire electoral process. As Minister of the Interior, he can ban "undesirable" candidates in Haiti, and by denying passports, he can keep out popular exiles.

Lafontant has already neutralized Haiti's most resolute internal dissident, Sylvio Claude, president of the Christian Democratic Party. Claude's and Eugène's parties are the only opposition groups that have openly criticized the regime for the past seven years, and are its greatest potential challengers at the polls.

When Eugène was exiled in December 1980, Claude had already been clapped into prison for the fourth time. Prodded by Amnesty International, Representative Walter Faunt-

Raymond Alcide Joseph, a financial writer in New York City, is the publisher of Haiti Observateur, *a weekly aimed mainly at the Haitian diaspora. He was condemned to death in absentia by Papa Doc for his political writings.*

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roy of the Congressional Black Caucus and other U.S. political leaders, the Haitian government released Claude on Christmas 1982. Although he was placed under house arrest and kept under constant surveillance, he managed to escape and eluded security police for nine months. From various hide-outs he criticized the regime, issuing sporadic bulletins and giving clandestine interviews to members of the international press. He has never been charged with any crime. Significantly, Lafontant announced the legislative elections on November 7, a month after Claude had been recaptured. It was as if he was saying, now that Claude is back in jail and Eugène is in exile, the "democratic" elections may proceed.

On Christmas Eve, Claude was released and driven home by security people, who carried him into his house because he couldn't walk. Claude's relatives telephoned friends in New York City to say that he had been severely beaten while in jail and his situation was "grave." Unlike previous occasions, Claude has not telephoned the press or his friends outside Haiti to thank them for their support. Fearing nothing from him this time, the government has not placed a surveillance detail around his house.

The regime will go all out to make the voting a showcase affair. A front-page article in *Le Matin*, a Port-au-Prince daily with close ties to the Duvalier regime, asserted, "The Power of April 22, 1971, [the date of Baby Doc's accession to the presidency] has opted for [free elections] even before foreign diplomats in Haiti expressed their concerns." The paper continued, "As February 12 approaches, those entrusted with this great responsibility will be pleased to present the international community and observers coming from abroad with . . . a decisive and prestigious dossier on fully free, honest and democratic elections."

But as Grégoire Eugène observed in a recent letter to the Haitian Consulate, "Without free participation of the Haitian opposition, the Haitian government won't be able to convince international circles that these legislative elections are a token of its democratic disposition. Free participation means freedom, without any restrictions, to communicate with the electorate; it means the right of all candidates to travel safely in their respective districts and of all party leaders to travel safely throughout the country."

Undoubtedly, Washington will be watching the Haitian elections closely. In recent months, several American officials, including Vice President George Bush, have decried the excesses of right-wing regimes, which they blame for the emergence of Marxist-Leninist movements in Central America and the Caribbean.

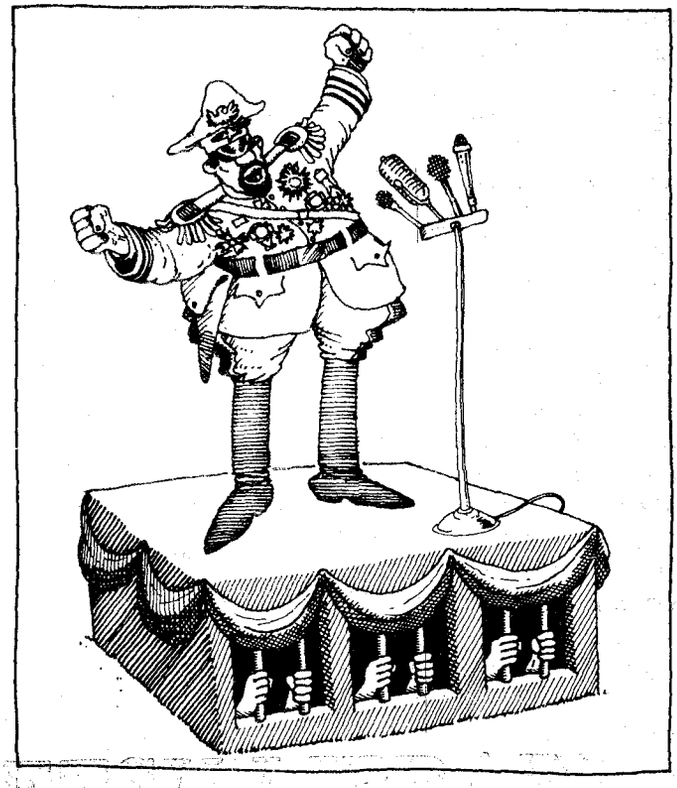
On December 2, Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth W. Dam told a group of government and business leaders from those regions, "Somoza's dictatorship in Nicaragua and the pre-1979 Mongoose Gang in Grenada helped pave the way for the Marxist-Leninists and their violence." Sir Eric Gairy's Mongoose Gang was the equivalent of Duvalier's Tontons Macoutes—that is to say, Gestapo-like goons. Gairy's excesses paved the way for the 1979 coup led by Maurice Bishop and was indirectly responsible for the subsequent upheavals that led to U.S. military intervention to restore "democracy" with bombs and bayonets.

At the State Department, a spokeswoman for Dam said that he declines to discuss Haitian matters. She referred me to the department's Bureau of Inter-American Public Affairs. A spokeswoman for that office said, "The views of the Reagan Administration regarding the elections are well known, and I am sure the Haitian government is aware of them." Pressed for a more definitive answer, she said, "We would be for wider participation if possible."

Stephen Horblitt, legislative assistant to Representative Fauntroy, was more forceful: "As a member of Congress concerned with developing more positive relations between the peoples of Haiti and the U.S., Congressman Fauntroy is encouraged to have heard that Haiti is planning to hold legislative elections in February," he stated. "The advent of such elections, if they prove to be free, fair and open would be in accord with the national interest of this country and would contribute to the attainment of more positive relations with Haiti, based upon progress in democratization and human rights."

Regarding the participation of specific candidates like Eugène and Claude, Horblitt said, "The Congressman would hope that the participation of every candidate willing to comply with democratic procedures would be guaranteed."

Most Haitian exile leaders are calling for a postponement of the elections. They say that more time is needed to bring voter rolls up to date and to submit them to the candidates for verification. They also demand that all persons who wish to run, including exiles and political prisoners, should be allowed to. Finally, and most importantly, they call for an impartial commission formed under the aegis of the O.A.S. to supervise the elections. Only if those demands are met can Lafontant's boast of "free, honest and democratic" elections become a reality. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Critics and Consumers

WILLIAM LEACH

THE POVERTY OF AFFLUENCE: A Psychological Portrait of the American Way of Life. *By Paul L. Wachtel. The Free Press. 316 pp. $19.95.*

THE CULTURE OF CONSUMPTION: Critical Essays in American History, 1880-1980. *Edited by Richard Wightman Fox and T.J. Jackson Lears. Pantheon. 236 pp. $20. Paper $9.95.*

Like a Cheshire cat with its smile inverted, the image of the benighted consumer broods grimly over most recent commentaries on consumer society. Almost all serious critics of this society—critics who have come largely from the very classes that have benefited most from affluence—take for granted that consumption is a narcotic, a numbing spectacle, a therapeutic delusion which has seduced men and women away from politics and community life. Although we can find the germs of that argument as far back as the work of de Tocqueville, it was Theodor Adorno who first gave it prominence in social theory; at the same time, he conceded that no concrete historical study had yet been done to prove his contentions.

In his new book, *The Poverty of Affluence*, noted psychologist Paul L. Wachtel argues that "most Americans" are unknowingly "infected" with consumer fever, "deluding" themselves that they can get satisfaction from getting goods. Surfeited with stereos and hair dryers, people have lost touch with their "true" needs for friends and family, for esthetic and sensual cultivation. The capitalist lust for new markets has torn people from stable traditions, and has misled them to imagine that personal "growth" comes from supporting market growth. We are trapped in a "vicious circle," Wachtel contends, because even though we are often badly disappointed with the results, we go on believing that our cravings for security and fulfillment will be satisfied only through the acquisition of goods. Such behavior fuels productive growth but also personal unhappiness, leading finally (and this is one of Wachtel's direst warnings) to ecological disaster. Like the somber nineteenth-century critics who dreaded the consequences of overwork, Wachtel considers overconsumption with dark foreboding: we pay a fierce price for it with disease and pollution.

The cure lies in harnessing and curtailing consumption. "Wasteful" advertisers must be put to work in the service sector, where they can better add to the public welfare; we must cut back on the flow of "luxury" items and, with the help of "technocrats" who understand environmental and human needs, forge a steady-state economy through governmental planning. Wachtel suggests that American corporations imitate the Japanese by fashioning more humane and communal work places so that people will dwell more on work, less on consumption. (Here, Wachtel plays down the low wages and strict discipline that mark Japanese corporate practice.) Wachtel thinks that maximum legal salaries should be imposed and income disparities reduced, to "lessen the invidious nature of social comparisons and to still the engines of envy that have powered our economy to the verge of environmental collapse."

Before those changes, however, must come a "psychological conversion" to a fresh set of values—cooperation, service, community and sensual enjoyment severed from the unhealthy tyranny of possessive individualism—that will let us appreciate the riches we already have. That conversion will pave the way for the other changes, which would otherwise be carried out in an undemocratic manner. Hostile to critics who see the quest for individual psychological well-being as a symptom of the illness, Wachtel exhorts us to be even more psychological than we already are, although not as selfish individuals stripped of our social connections. According to Wachtel, we must experience psychological rebirth as members of groups and communities. He finds the new values prefigured in the counterculture of the 1960s, and expressed in the human potential movement and in the behavior of people who jog, eat health foods and have "meaningful" sex lives. Those values are incarnate in therapists like Wachtel, who, indeed, want to be at the helm of the psychological revolution, watchfully guiding the value structures of their patients, who so stubbornly prefer neurotic misery to mental health.

Wachtel gives us an often persuasive picture of the troubles besetting modern life, yet the book is marred by outbursts directed at such critics as Christopher Lasch, whom Wachtel ironically resembles. Again and again, Lasch shows up as Wachtel's bête noire—largely, I think, because Lasch has attacked Wachtel's bread and butter, the therapeutic profession. More important, the book is fraught with contradictions and unproven generalizations, and repeats many of the mistakes made earlier, much earlier, by such observers as Edward Bellamy, who wrote *Looking Backward* in the 1880s, the decade that launched the consumer age. Lamenting capitalistic "irrationalities," Bellamy longed for rational consumption. He wanted steady-state planning by technocrats, an end to useless advertising, more equality (to "lessen the invidious nature of social comparisons and to still the engines of envy") and above all, a psychological conversion to cooperative and community values that would precede structural change and condition capitalists to yield their power. Wachtel, I am sure, would detest the dreary, machinelike socialist wasteland described in *Looking Backward*, but I suggest that he take a look at that book.

How does Wachtel know that most people persist in foolish consumption at the expense of satisfaction? Such people certainly exist, their woes parodied in television shows like *Dallas*, but Wachtel gives us no proof that most of us suffer this way. In shedding upper-middle-class tears for the upper middle class, he loses a clear sense of the contexts in which most people consume, contexts almost as various as the goods themselves. That flawed sense of context, unfortunate in a psychologist, leads Wachtel to make the very dubious claim that joggers are probably more political, more interested in community life, than fat people who eat Mars bars

William Leach is the author of True Love and Perfect Union: The Feminist Reform of Sex and Society *(Basic Books). He is a fellow at the New York Institute for the Humanities and is currently researching a book on the cultural history of American department stores.*

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and have three color television sets.

At the heart of *The Poverty of Affluence* is an impoverished conception of consumer capitalism, limited to what happens when people go shopping. Consumer capitalism, however, is also a culture that reaches into every nook and cranny of our lives. Wachtel's definition has a logic of its own; it permits him to isolate a "set of values" uncontaminated by consumer society. I agree with much of what he says about modern life—who would deny that many people need therapy?—but this vision, by denying the complexity of consumer culture, leads him to call for simplistic, impractical and elitist changes. He thinks that consumers, ignorant of their own best interests, must be helped by psychiatrists and by public appeals like his own, which will loosen them up to accept the expansion of the service sector and of the state. Given the variety of human behavior, it is unrealistic to believe that the changes he foresees will ever take place. More important, it is misguided to prescribe the further inflation of technocratic dominance. What we urgently need is the democratization of politics, the drastic reduction of corporate power which Wachtel would only make more rational and leave fundamentally unchanged.

By its very title, *The Culture of Consumption*, a collection of essays edited by Richard Wightman Fox and T.J. Jackson Lears, promises a richer interpretation of consumer society. The contributors, all of whom are historians, approach consumer society from many angles. Christopher P. Wilson writes on mass magazines, Lears on advertising; Robert Westbrook examines the management of American political elections; Michael L. Smith depicts the American manned space program as a "triumph of commodity scientism." Consumer society is also generally viewed here as having a culture that has altered our ways of seeing and acting, our symbolic and cognitive structures, embracing what Wachtel isolates—sex, health, education, even the communal, cooperative values of the late 1960s. Armed with a more sophisticated conception and openly hostile to Wachtel's therapeutic vision, the writers trace the emergence and evolution of consumer culture from the 1890s to the present.

Despite the intelligence and scholarship displayed throughout the collection, in most of the essays the con-

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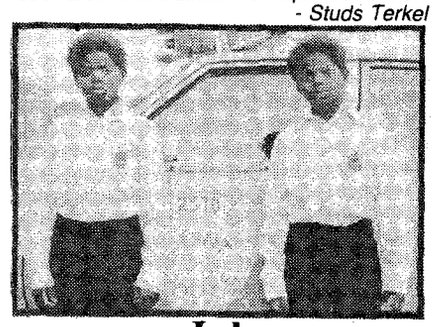

July

12

1960–Buy American Act

1971–Charles Colson proposes the break-in and fire-bombing of the Brookings Institute.

1977–U.S. Privacy Protection Committee warns "that new avenues and needs for collection of information . . . multiply the dangers of official abuse."

1982–The Federal Emergency Management Agency promises that the survivors of a nuclear holocaust "will get their mail."

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sumer appears as no less benighted, consumer society no less withering, than in Wachtel's book. The writers lump mass sports and amusements, therapies of all kinds, the space program, mass magazines and electoral politics into one ghastly spectacle of seduction and manipulation designed to secure the "hegemony" of the ruling managerial class. At the same time, they repeatedly attack those critics who view consumer culture as a managerial conspiracy and the people as fools. But how could people swallow a culture that is conceived here as sham and imprisoning, *without* being manipulated? How could people exercise any freedom of choice when faced with the crushing odds marshalled against them in the shape of advertisers (who have "contempt for the 'average man'"), therapeutic elites and the managerial class?

Two essays in this volume, however, nearly transcend the limits of this analysis. Richard Wightman Fox perceptively unravels the tragic career of Robert S. Lynd, co-author of the famous Middletown books, who evolved from an optimist convinced in the 1920s that Americans could resist the co-optative pull of consumerism to the despairing figure of the next decade, who saw Americans as "unable to cope intelligently with the complexities of daily living," and so needing technocratic, state intervention. Jean-Christophe Agnew's essay, "The Consuming Vision of Henry James," is well worth the consumption of *The Culture of Consumption*. Agnew argues that consumer culture is determined by a vast abundance of commodities and, more important, by the social qualities of those goods (their glamour, freshness, sexiness, etc.) that are supposed to transform our lives. We possess those qualities as we possess the commodities, but unlike the goods, they become deeply absorbed into our imaginative lives, shaping the way we see and think.

With this conception at his fingertips, Agnew dissects the fiction of Henry James. James abhorred consumer society, damning it as a "blighted" culture of "mass deception." At the same time, he assimilated the very world he hated. Excited as a young man by the theatrical splendor of city commerce, he hungrily took into his consciousness the images and attributes of the culture of consumption. "So deeply and finely had he internalized the social world of goods," writes Agnew, capturing this tension in the mature James, "that any material expression of it loomed before him as a horrifying yet fascinating extraction of himself." James's novels are full of the imagery of the market, and his characters appear as "objects" to be appreciated for the qualities they display. According to Agnew, James's greatest novels cannot be understood apart from consumer culture, which formed the foundation for their imaginative power.

By focusing on the single context of James's fiction, and by establishing his "complicity" in the formation of this culture, Agnew disarms those critics who divorce popular from high culture, and who conceive of "counterfeit" consumerism as inherently debasing. A counterfeit culture, yes, but in the hands of someone like James, hardly a thin one. Agnew observes both sides of consumer culture, its power to fragment and exploit and its capacity to stir the imagination profoundly. His brilliant essay is among the few analyses that begin to fill the need for a history of the culture of consumption. □

The House Slavery Built

MARY HELEN WASHINGTON

A GATHERING OF OLD MEN. *By Ernest J. Gaines. Alfred A. Knopf. 214 pp. $13.95.*

Ernest J. Gaines's fifth novel, *A Gathering of Old Men*, is set in the black rural Louisiana parish where all his stories take place—in the cotton and cane fields northwest of Baton Rouge, near the bayous. It is the land where Gaines was born and where he spent the first fourteen years of his life. City people and Northerners may have a hard time understanding the codes of this place, for, in many ways, its inhabitants still live in the house slavery built. They work, usually as sharecroppers, on plantations; the "quarters," as they call the black housing area, look very much like a scene from slavery days—rows of rickety log cabins lined up on a flat, treeless plot of ground; nearby is the "big house," surrounded by magnolias, where the plantation owner lives. On the way to the little nightclub in town, one passes long, gray, lonely cane fields, almost as isolated as the little cemetery where Gaines says "many, many of my people are buried." These images, from a photo essay called "Home" which Gaines compiled between 1963 and 1969, show the bleakest existence, and yet one can see in them all the themes that motivate Gaines's fiction and from which he has created such powerful books as *Catherine Carmier* (1964), *Of Love and Dust* (1967), *Bloodline* (1968), *In My Father's House* (1978), and the beautiful folk novel *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* (1971).

Change happens very slowly in this world; codes of behavior are rigidly observed; people live near one another for a lifetime and their kinship networks, like nothing else in their lives, are lasting and dependable. It's not an easy world for readers to enter. I imagine that many will share the impatience of the fast-talking city slicker named James in *Bloodline*, who says of these backwoods people, "All they know is talk, talk, talk. . . . They do these little bitty things, and they feel like they've really done something. Well, back in these sticks, I guess there just isn't nothing big to do."

Yet these little bitty things James has dismissed—the living with violence, the patient refusal to give up one's dignity, the "bearing witness calmly against the predator"—are the very things which Adrienne Rich says have the power "to reconstitute the world." *A Gathering of Old Men* asks us to read the lives of black peasants as Rich reads women's lives: with attention to "the enormity of the simplest things."

When twelve old men from those Louisiana backwoods gather with shotguns to prevent a lynching, it is the most courageous and meaningful act they have ever performed. They have lived in continuous submission to the white power structure. Now in their 70s and 80s, they gather to confront the power that has humiliated and degraded them. When Beau Boutan, a vicious Cajun farmer, is found shot, the young white owner of the Marshall plantation, Can-

Mary Helen Washington teaches at the University of Massachusetts in Boston. She edited Black-Eyed Susans: Classic Stories by and About Black Women *and* Midnight Birds: Stories of Contemporary Black Women Writers *(both Doubleday/Anchor).*

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dy Marshall, calls these aging black men to bring their guns and gather at the plantation before the whites demand "a nigger's blood." The story is told in a succession of voices, as each man explains the complex web of circumstances that drives him to take part in this ritual of resistance. The past weighs heavily on these men because each in his own way feels he has submitted to oppression. "We had all done the same thing sometime or another; we had all seen our brother, sister, mama, daddy insulted once and didn't do a thing about it."

The most powerful moment in the novel occurs when the old men, each claiming to be the murderer almost as though he wants to assert that right, stand up to recite the wrong done to them, to acknowledge their complicity in a system of oppression and, in a sense, to reverse that history of themselves as failed men. Gable tells how they electrocuted his retarded 16-year-old son for allegedly raping a white woman: "Called us and told us we could have him at 'leven, 'cause they was go'n kill him at ten." Tucker tells how a white mob beat his brother Silas to the ground for defeating them in a contest between his mules and their tractor. Silas knew he was a nigger and was supposed to lose, and Tucker says he sold him out because he was afraid of the power of white men: "Out of fear of a little pain to my own body, I beat my own brother with a stalk of cane as much as the white folks did." Jacob Aguillard recalls: "It was me. . . . I remember what that crowd did to my sister." Another testifies: "I kilt him. . . . Me. What they did to my sister's little girl." A wall of old black men, each speaking his piece of history, a generation of black men living in the Jim Crow South, where the prerequisite for manhood was to break the law and where the price of one's dignity literally meant the willingness to offer one's life. Finally, these old men are prepared to stand against the white men's laws, to make history instead of lying passively beneath its flow.

I have often wondered how black people survived under Jim Crow in the years before the civil rights movement, when it seemed that they were constantly assaulted by laws, written and unwritten, which governed every aspect of their lives from how they were supposed to address a white person to where they could sit on a public bus. Richard

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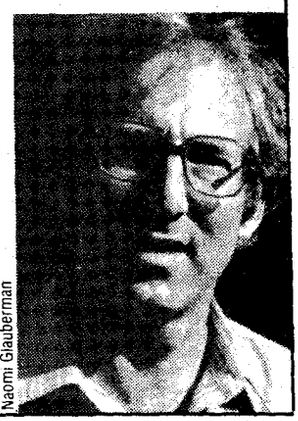
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Wright's "The Ethics of Living Jim Crow" suggests that many blacks internalized the submissiveness necessary to accommodate this system and stay alive. Black fiction writers have written about the Jim Crow South in two ways. They have written from the point of view of blacks who were trying to survive and who, in the process, created traditions that sustained and nurtured; or they have written, like Wright, of the power of whites not only to menace blacks but to define them.

Which viewpoint a writer selects is a critical esthetic and political decision. It is a tricky and complex issue, for blacks have always lived, as Du Bois pointed out, with that dubious gift of double consciousness, "this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others." And in the South, where the brutality of whites was palpable, the question of viewpoint is all the more difficult. That artistic dilemma is posed in one of Alice Walker's stories of the South, "A Sudden Trip Home in the Spring." In it a young black artist is unable to paint the faces of black men until she resolves the question of who has the power to define:

> The defeat that had frightened her in the faces of black men was the defeat of black forever defined by white. But that defeat was nowhere on her grandfather's face. He stood like a rock, outwardly calm, the grand patriarch of the Davis family. The family alone defined him, and he was not about to let them down.

Albert Murray, in *South to a Very Old Place*, also rejects white definitions of blacks:

> When you heard them saying "boy" to somebody you always said mister to, you knew exactly what kind of old stuff they were trying to pull. They were trying to pretend that they were not afraid, making believe that they were not always a split second away from screaming for help. When they said Uncle or Auntie they were saying . . . you are that old now and more careful now so I don't have to be afraid any more. . . . Their fears of your so-called niggerness became less hysterical not when they themselves grew up but when you grew older. . . . When some old chicken butt peckerwood says nigger this or nigger that naturally he wants to give the impression that he is being arrogant. But if you know anything at all about white folks his uneasiness will be obvious enough, no matter how trigger-bad he is reputed to be.

Gaines is most in touch with that black sensibility in *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* and in *Bloodline*. Jane Pittman's relationships to her husband, to her adopted son, Ned, and to the other people who live that hundred-year history with her are what establish her courage, her character and her identity. With his women characters Gaines seems freer to make those connections between character and community. But when Gaines considers the question of manhood (as he does in nearly all his stories), the arbiter of character is no longer the black community. In order to prove manhood, black men must stand up against white men, and the proof of their manhood is their ability to wrest respect from white men. All the passionate revelations in *A Gathering of Old Men* are made to the white sheriff, Mapes, and although the men are making their confessions to one another, the call and response is between the men and the sheriff.

What is even more disturbing than the white sheriff's dominant role is the subordination of women in this novel. The one woman who has a strong role is dismissed like a child. The white woman, Candy Marshall, the person responsible for the men assembling in the first place, is finally shown as just another threat to manhood. Women leading men is another form of slavery, so Candy must be eliminated. First she is warned by her black friend Mathu: "'I want you to go home,' he said. Not loud. Quiet. Soft. The way he used to talk to her when she was a little girl." That mild warning doesn't take because Candy is determined to retain her place of power in the men's world. In an act of public humiliation, she is carried off under her boyfriend's arm—at the sheriff's insistence and with the approval of all the black men—and is thrown, kicking and screaming, into her car. We are left at the end of this scene with a strange coalition: these elderly black men and a brutal white sheriff—bitter lifetime enemies—suddenly united in their antipathy for a strong woman.

Black women are just as effectively silenced. Of the fifteen voices joined to tell this story, only one is that of a black woman, Janey, and she is too hysterical to do anything but pray. No women are called to be a part of the resistance movement. The wives of the men involved play out the stereotype of the saboteur of the male quest for danger and glory. Failing to understand their men, they turn into distant and bitter shrews. Old Mat looks at his wife as he prepares to join his buddies and sees for the first time a stranger:

> I looked at that woman I had been living with all these years like I didn't even know who she was. My chest heaving, and me just looking at her like I didn't know who she was. . . . "All these years we been living together, woman, you still don't know what's the matter with me?"

Mat bitterly recounts the life they have lived under a system that has made him poor, cruel, angry and hopeless. But his anger and resentment are directed at her. Like the other old men, he leaves behind a confused, ignorant wife, cowed by this exhibition of manhood and unable to share in his political act.

These portraits of women leave me with a question I will not try to answer here. In exploring this vital issue of how black people can exert control over their history, why does Gaines so thoroughly deny the power of the women who contributed equally to that history? This disempowering of women compromises the novel's greatest strength—its recreation of the past through language. These communal voices constitute a kind of collective revision of history, giving proof in their own words of the existence of ordinary people whom the world noticed only briefly in the long-gone era of the civil rights movement. But in that revision, women are denied the right to suffer or to be heroic or even to claim the power of language.

Someone comes upon this strange scene of old men with shotguns and thinks how much like a Bruegel painting it seems—as weird as the painting of Icarus falling out of the sky and disappearing into the sea while people who may have heard the splash continue with their everyday work. As W.H. Auden suggested in "Musée des Beaux Arts," suffering takes place while the rest of us are busy with our own lives—out having dinner or at a film festival. Ernest Gaines makes us witness the lives and suffering of people whose small acts of courage make up the history of the race. I only wish that *A Gathering of Old Men* acknowledged that half of those people were women. □

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'Gee, Man! I Wanna Be a G-Man'

JOSHUA B. FREEMAN

G-MEN: Hoover's FBI in American Popular Culture. *By Richard Gid Powers. Southern Illinois University Press. 356 pp. $20.*

THE FILE. *By Penn Kimball. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 356 pp. $14.95.*

I remember a childhood visit to F.B.I. headquarters in Washington—I was entranced by exhibits chronicling the Bureau's heroic struggle against bank robbers and kidnappers and atom spies, even though I knew there was something fraudulent about them. How did the image of the F.B.I. as a relentless and worthy agency of justice come to have such power, even for someone like me, raised in a family that was, shall we say, skeptical of its claims? Richard Gid Powers's *G-Men: Hoover's FBI in American Popular Culture* goes a long way toward providing an explanation.

In 1933 the Bureau of Investigation, the predecessor of the F.B.I., was an obscure division of the Justice Department. Then came a series of spectacular, and occasionally bungled, confrontations with celebrated gangsters: Baby Face Nelson, Machine Gun Kelly, Pretty Boy Floyd, John Dillinger. According to Powers, neither the fledgling F.B.I. nor its director, J. Edgar Hoover, initially received much credit; the shoot-ups were seen as part of a broad Administration "war on crime" which included new legislation and a "superprison" on Alcatraz Island. Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and Melvin Purvis, head of the F.B.I.'s Chicago office, captured most of the attention.

Hollywood changed that. In 1935 it released seven movies about the F.B.I., including the Warner Brothers' hit *G-Men*. They were made primarily to circumvent a recently imposed ban on gangster movies; glorifying the F.B.I. was a convenient way to film one last orgy of machine-gun battles and car chases. The same stars who had played mobsters—James Cagney, most notably—now played F.B.I. agents. The plots were adaptations of a long-established genre, the action detective story, which required leaving out the complexities of government and law and focusing instead on a resourceful but anarchistic avenger of wrong. In this formula, Hoover emerged as the authority figure, the representative of the society as a whole. He was the leader, trainer, mastermind and father confessor of the action heroes.

Hoover had nothing to do with initiating the G-men films, but he seized the opportunity they presented. He assembled a large public relations machine, innocuously known as the Crime Records Division, and demoted his most serious rival, Melvin Purvis. Soon Hoover was shaping the F.B.I.'s practice to conform with its popular image: the public enemies list, for example, was originally a media invention. Later, Hoover insisted that his employees have the "Zimmy [Efrem Zimbalist Jr.] image." By the late 1930s, Cummings and Purvis had been eclipsed, and it was Hoover who was seen in movie ads and magazine articles and at the Stork Club.

There was a problem, however. The image of the F.B.I. in the popular culture was not the one Hoover wanted. He hated the idea of rough-and-tumble detectives, preferring bureaucratic coordination and scientific methods, the action detective as organization man. Thus a battle broke out—waged in comic books, pulp magazines, bubblegum cards and radio shows—between competing images of the F.B.I. The irony was that whenever Hoover won, the public stopped paying attention, since it wanted action heroes; whenever he lost, the F.B.I. accumulated ever greater mythic power.

Powers does a first-rate job of charting the F.B.I.'s image and its image-making before World War II. He has carefully studied the most arcane cultural ephemera (many examples of which appear in illustrations). This is not, however, a definitive study. Powers failed to make much use of government records, and as a result the F.B.I.'s relation to the rest of the Federal government remains obscure. He gives too thin an account of the F.B.I. during the 1950s, when the image of the agent changed from gangbuster to Red-chaser, from loner to family man. Hoover himself remains an enigma.

Some of Powers's interpretations are also questionable. He assumes that products of popular culture accurately mirror public opinion, taking for granted the existence of a homogeneous audience.

Joshua B. Freeman is writing a history of New York City transit workers.

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I doubt, however, that Oklahoma farmers, New York City social workers and Des Moines bankers all saw Pretty Boy Floyd in the same light. Powers's assertion that G-men tales served as a mythic means of reasserting social unity needs a lot more evidence before I am sold. I wish, for example, that he had included more data to support his contentions that the public was obsessed with crime in the early 1930s and that Hoover and the F.B.I. maintained high levels of popular support until the 1970s. Still, Powers has made a good start at tracing how a secret police force and its mendacious director managed to become objects of national adoration.

Part of the F.B.I.'s image, of course, was its supposed efficiency. Anyone who still has illusions about that should read Penn Kimball's *The File*, already praised in these pages [see Blair Clark, "'The File,'" *The Nation*, December 17, 1983]. In 1946 Kimball, a journalist just out of the Marines, passed the State Department's Foreign Service exam and was offered a post in Saigon. Since by then he had taken a job with *Time*, he asked that his appointment be put on hold. More than a year later he was told that his application had been rejected. Only recently, when he filed for his State Department records under the Freedom of Information Act, did he learn what had happened.

Kimball's job application had triggered a routine security check, which he passed; hence the job offer. However, after he turned down the job in Saigon the wheels of government kept turning. Two more security investigations, employing F.B.I. and State Department agents, led to the determination that Kimball was a security risk. His main sin was that before the war he had worked for *PM*, a left-leaning New York City newspaper, and had been loosely allied with the left-liberal faction in the Newspaper Guild. Most of the derogatory information about him came from factional opponents within the Guild and from a supervisor at *Time*. Kimball was never given an opportunity to challenge this "evidence" or to appeal the State Department's decision not to hire him.

Once begun, secret police files never die, and Kimball's, unbeknown to him, kept coming back to haunt him. When he applied for a passport, was up for a Federal appointment or sought a Fulbright Fellowship, his old State Department file was yanked out and consulted. Kimball believes that this may explain various delays and rejections he encountered over the years.

When Kimball got his file, he began a quest for belated justice. He wrote letter after letter to the State Department, asking for the names of its informants (most of which had been blacked out in the documents he received) and demanding that his case be reopened. He sent for files from other government agencies that had investigated him as well. Through ingenious detective work, he reconstructed an ironic episode from the late 1950s: the Central Intelligence Agency considered recruiting him, but dropped the idea when *their* investigation, on the basis of some coincidental path-crossings, concluded that he might be mixed up in Soviet spying. Finally, Kimball searched out and confronted a few of those who half a lifetime ago had been his accusers.

Kimball did not get much satisfaction. Although the State Department and the F.B.I. eventually offered to destroy his files, they denied him his fantasy of a full-blown hearing at which his accusers would be shamed and his name cleared. Some of those who had ratted on him thirty years earlier, including columnist James Wechsler, brushed aside his efforts to see them; others were old and pathetic and denied everything or claimed that their views had been misrepresented.

Perhaps they were telling the truth. Kimball's files were filled with distortion and inaccuracy. Kimball masterfully shows how the investigatory process can generate partial truths or outright lies. Informants are chosen on the basis of their political views, leading questions are asked and interviews are selectively paraphrased. Nothing is cross-checked or researched. Information is emphasized or de-emphasized, included or omitted, according to the preconceptions and prejudices of those doing the processing. In the end, a portrait may be drawn that barely resembles its subject.

It is this above all that infuriates Kimball: that he can't recognize himself in his file. Repeatedly he protests that he wasn't a "superliberal" of questionable loyalty but a patriotic, talented, independent thinker who could have served his country well. So enraged is he over this that a confusion arises about just what he thinks was done wrong: that he was investigated, or that he wasn't investigated enough.

Kimball never makes clear whether he is against all loyalty investigations or simply secret and sloppy ones. Let's sa

STORIES

My father tells his children stories
without plots.
Ten years ago he finds his teachers
Violet and Daisy, sisters still together.
They remember his last name.
Or twenty years ago the cripple Schrechengost,
working for a wife who rarely spoke,
chants low to a smooth-faced foreman:
Name's WAYNE, not Crane; SIMPSON, not Samson.
Or in a barracks during the war,
at night a naked man laughs and laughs
and counts his toes.

Actions never build.
Twice a month my father calls and so far
he's let no one die.
About the pear tree hollow at bottom, he says
The cat's begun to jump from trees and land
sometimes on the dog, it may blossom.
I remember how he nods to sleep
some afternoons.

Once in woods behind a house
a father filled his arms with ironweed, goldenrod,
Queen Anne's lace.
His daughter let him say
he'd brought them home only for her.

Katrine Howsare

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Kimball was what he was accused of being: a slippery, clever Communist symp. Should that have disqualified him from a State Department job? Or put more benignly, does the government have the right to choose its Foreign Service officers on the basis of congenial politics? Perhaps the investigation of Kimball wasn't as inefficient as he thinks; "disloyalty" has long been ugly government shorthand for political views out of favor, and Kimball was, in his own words, "one of those down-the-line, New Deal liberals." By 1946 that was not a type many in the Truman Administration wanted to hire.

Compared with others of his generation, the injustices Kimball suffered were pretty mild. In spite of his file, Kimball had a long series of interesting jobs, a comfortable life, a happy family. What saves his obsession with his file from sheer narcissism is not the exposure of abuse—stories like his have been widely publicized and debated for thirty years—but the changes his file provoked in him. During the six years Kimball pursued his case, his wife, many old colleagues and some of his accusers died, and his own sense of mortality grew. His effort to set the government's record straight now forced him to confront the decisions he had made about his life. He realizes, for example, that some of the politicians he worked for were little more than party regulars, and recognizes his tendency to jump ship every time success is near. These reflections are understated; Kimball is more adept at dealing with the government's version of his life than with his own. Still, this second front of Kimball's persistent battle with the past ultimately makes *The File* quite moving. □

Winning, Losing, Playing

FELICIA E. HALPERT

SPORTS CLASSICS: American Writers Choose Their Best. *Edited by Howard Siner. Coward-McCann. 320 pp. $16.95.*

There are a number of women who are sportswriters. Few of them, however, write for the big-time daily press, and even fewer have been elevated to the prestigious position of columnist. The result of that journalistic void is evident in *Sports Classics: American Writers Choose Their Best*. This collection of newspaper columns, magazine pieces and book excerpts contains some excellent writing and interesting perspectives on sports. But the view is skewed: Of the forty sports columnists and popular literary figures represented, thirty-nine are men. With not even one piece focusing on women athletes, the sports world in *Sports Classics* is the male sports world.

It's unfortunate that editor Howard Siner didn't try harder to prevent this distortion of athletic reality. One wishes he had solicited contributors not only from *Esquire* and *Gentlemen's Quarterly* but from *Ms.* and *Women's Sports* as well. Except when they are relatives of the writers, women intrude only as the "tease," the sexual distraction male athletes and spectators need to keep going. They are found draped over parade floats at stock-car tracks, running onto baseball diamonds to kiss unsuspecting ballplayers, bending provocatively over beer-filled ice chests in August and playing their part as "fleshy, flashy girls" on the fight world's fringe.

This glaring bit of male myopia mars a book that in many cases provides a deeper view of sport than ordinarily is found in the morning paper. In "Winning Isn't Everything," Pete Hamill charges that such cornerstones as courage, confidence and grace have nearly disintegrated under the weight of Vince Lombardi's dictum, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." George Plimpton's "Medora Goes to The Game" is a funny and charming story about his 9-year-old daughter's first trip to the annual Harvard-Yale football game. And Tom Wolfe's "The Last American Hero" is a wonderful evocation of Southern stock-car racing. Wolfe lifts us from the masochistic TV tedium of watching Fords and Chevys zoom 500 times around an oval track into a realm where drivers with names like Junior Johnson, Fireball Roberts and Stick Elliott became latter-day cowboys.

An obsession with conquest fuels these pages. The writers are fascinated by the struggle to triumph, be it over an opponent, a physical injury or a poverty-stricken childhood. Mystique surrounds the ability to stretch a few inches farther, run a few seconds faster, withstand punches just that much longer. Yet eventually even the greatest athletes lose, and age becomes the insidious destroyer of champions. In "Tittle Fading Back," Irwin Shaw catches the famous Giants quarterback on the brink: at 38 he is being smashed to the turf regularly by opposing linemen. Nevertheless, Shaw writes, "If it were up to [Tittle] they would have to carry him out of there."

Norman Mailer's "Ego" describes heavyweight champions as "being the big toe of God. You have nothing to measure yourself by." Because boxing is the quintessence of machismo and conquest, the downfall of its kings is particularly wrenching. In "The Greatest—A Personal Portrait," Dick Schaap bemoans the fact that Muhammad Ali, an irresistible character for contributors to this book, didn't make a glorious exit in Zaire, but instead hung around until he was punched into puffiness by inferior boxers. And Gay Talese gives us a remarkable view of Floyd Patterson, former heavyweight champion and "Great Black Hope of the Urban League." In "The Loser," Patterson, "who is only twenty-nine years old and barely scratched, cannot believe that he is finished." Yet in spite of his comeback talk, Patterson has just been KO'd in one round by Sonny Liston, for the second time. Essentially he is finished:

> "What you're thinking about is all those months of training, all the conditioning, all the depriving; and you think, 'I didn't have to run that extra mile, didn't have to spar that day. . . . I could have fought this fight tonight in no condition.' "

Humiliation at being less than what one used to be is felt not just by the athlete. "We don't want Ali to be on his way down," Schaap admits, "because if he is not so good as he once was . . . where does that leave us, those of us with smaller skills, and poorer looks, and lesser charms?" Fortunately, salvation comes in "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu," John Updike's tribute to Ted Williams: "He became at the end of his career perhaps the best *old* hitter of the century." And indeed, somewhat mythological: on his final at-bat in Boston, Williams swings and blasts the ball high over the center field fence. "It was in the books while it was still in the sky," Updike remarks. Of Williams's decision not to play the final three games in New

Felicia E. Halpert is a freelance writer based in New York City.

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York, he concludes, "He knew how to do even that, the hardest thing. Quit."

Sports Classics goes beyond the flattened celebritydom of TV-star athletes, providing fresh and varied insights. But where are Babe Didrikson, Janet Guthrie and Billie Jean King? Where is Joan Joyce, the softball pitcher Ted Williams couldn't get a hit off of? Because this book attempts to cover so much, you can't help but notice all that it excludes. *Sports Classics* gives the impression that sports—and sportswriting—is still a man's world. It's not. □

FILMS.

PETER BISKIND

Terms of Endearment

It's hard to hate *Terms of Endearment*. James Brooks's new film is so appealing, so unassuming and good-hearted, so funny, intelligent and well crafted, that to break its spell seems churlish, like knocking Christmas. There's no way it won't sweep the Oscars, enabling Shirley MacLaine or (less likely) Debra Winger to edge out Meryl Streep (*Silkwood*) and Barbra Streisand (*Yentl*) for best actress. Then there's Jack Nicholson, a shoo-in as best supporting actor for his marvelously antic performance as the lecherous neighbor who ogles MacLaine across the hedge. But let's face it, *Terms of Endearment* is an obnoxious movie. It's a right-to-life soap opera; it does for the family what *An Officer and a Gentleman* did for the military.

Based on Larry McMurtry's first-rate novel of the same name, *Terms* focuses on the fortunes of Aurora Greenway and her daughter, Emma. Played by MacLaine with enormous charm, Aurora is a caustic Texas widow who alternately tempts and terrorizes a bevy of fatuous admirers. Emma, played by Winger, is considerably more conventional than her eccentric mother. She marries a feckless graduate student named Flap (Jeff Daniels) and follows him to a teaching post in Iowa. *Terms* crosscuts between the parallel lives of mother and daughter, who keep in constant contact by phone. While Aurora is tutored in the joys of sex by the amorous astronaut next door (Nicholson), Emma, despite a romantic interlude with a banker (John Lithgow), sticks close to the kitchen and breeds like a rabbit. When Aurora suggests that Emma stanch the flow of babies with an abortion, Emma recoils in shock. But Flap turns out to be a bad investment, spending all his time reading books in the library while Emma's changing diapers in the nursery. When he is offered a position as head of the English department at a cow college in Nebraska, Emma doesn't want to go. She follows him anyway, only to discover that he's followed one of his female grad students with whom he's been having an affair.

So far, unlike any film since *The Turning Point*, *Terms* has distinguished itself by its close, sympathetic attention to the bonds between mother and daughter; it presents relationships with men exclusively from a feminine point of view and raises interesting questions about those relationships. Should men change diapers too? Should wives subordinate themselves to their husbands' careers, following them to the ends of the earth, for better or for worse, till death do them part? Should Emma leave Flap, or stick it out? We never find out the answer to that last question, because Emma gets cancer.

At this point, midway in the film, *Terms* ceases to make any serious claim on our intelligence, despite the excellent performances. The questions of sexual politics raised explicitly in the film's first half are resolved in the second half by shameless emotional manipulation. The momentum is so great that most people in the audience won't care, but while he's tugging at our heartstrings, director Brooks is getting away with murder. Before we can blink our tears away, Emma is on a last fling in Manhattan, beset by career women, divorcées and victims of genital herpes. Even hospitalization is preferable to this, and Emma cuts short her trip to rush back to Nebraska General. In the New York sequence, Brooks finally lays his ideological cards on the table, and the film deteriorates into clumsy caricature. All the career women in this film are jerks, including Flap's grad student.

Not that the men are much better. They're either infantile and foolish or sex-crazed and irresponsible. Aurora always said Flap was bad news, and at the end, we see it's true. Emma's cancer

Peter Biskind is the author of Seeing Is Believing: How Hollywood Taught Us to Stop Worrying and Love the Fifties *(Pantheon). He is also the editor of* American Film.

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is discovered right after she stumbles on his girlfriend. Are we meant to think that his affair has killed her, that male infidelity is the cancer that is destroying the family? (Emma's affair is excused because her lover isn't being satisfied by his wife—no Total Woman.) Moreover, Flap gives up his kids to Aurora to raise, turning *Kramer vs. Kramer* upside down. But if *Kramer vs. Kramer* attacked feminism from the vantage point of the liberal human potential movement, *Terms of Endearment* attacks it from the vantage point of the pro-life movement. Its contempt for men comes from the right, not the left. It's an expression of the deep-seated distrust of men that permeates pro-life literature, the fear that sexual equality threatens to erode the conventional constraints on male behavior by which errant breadwinners have traditionally been bound to the family. Even Nicholson's swinger is right out of George Gilder. He takes to the hills at the first whiff of commitment.

Debra Winger has made a specialty of post-feminist performances, which is to say she displays the surface characteristics of liberation—she's scrappy, direct, unglamorous—without its substance. From *Urban Cowboy* to *An Officer and a Gentleman*, the characters she plays have fought tooth and nail for equality until they're swept off their feet in the very last frame, as if to reassure anxious viewers that despite the sound and the fury, nothing much has changed after all.

Here the terms of endearment are slightly different. Emma can't be swept off her feet because Flap is too weak. But she can't divorce him either, as Aurora suggests, because that is the province of the New York herpes-infected harpies whom she detests. Under these circumstances, cancer becomes the moral equivalent of divorce. It allows her to escape from (and punish) Flap, without the stigma the right connects with dissolving the sacred bonds of matrimony.

When Emma finally dies and Flap retreats in disgrace, Aurora saves the day. The same Aurora who once had recommended abortion now embraces adoption. Since the astronaut makes a better role model than a wimpy college professor, she succeeds in transforming him into a surrogate father to Emma's oldest boy. As the dissidents fall into step, the new family takes shape before our very eyes. Will they make it legal? Hang in for the sequel. □

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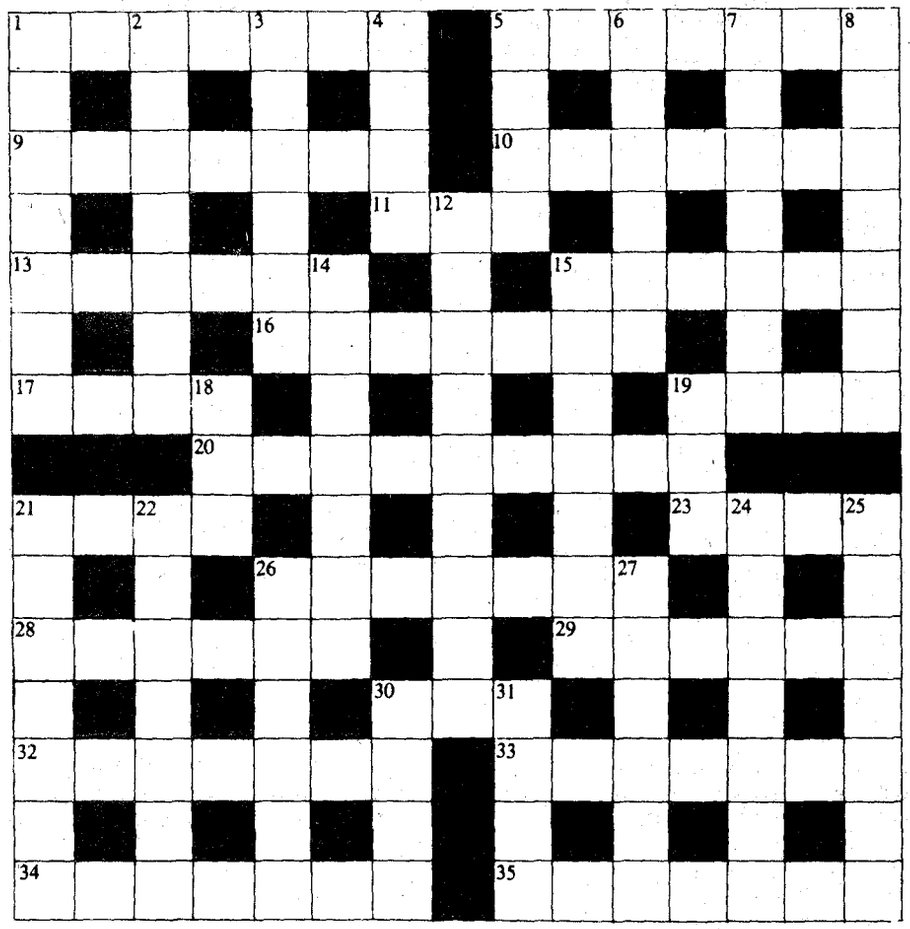

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1 and 5 across For exemplary comparison, one who makes the bowler angry? No, that's crazy! (2,3,2,1,6)
5 See 1 across
9 Sounds like a controversial spot where they said the students needed helping out is in Spain! (7)
10 Is her name changed to Anita? (Bottom of play production had an attraction for her.) (7)
11 As an afterthought, I compose a letter for someone overseas. (3)
13 Look, in deep trouble some ran away this way! (6)
15 One who possibly skipped being somewhat less than a true worker? (7)
16 It might appear the maid's OK, with imperial standing. (7)
17 Seen as an otherwise well-known agency? (4)
19 Is the consumer not quite sure? (4)
20 It may be hard to see such without binoculars, but they're rather valueless. (9)
21 What Tia Maria is, with a tuna salad. (4)
23 Reputedly the first victim sounds capable. (4)
26 Be wrong, with the sort of debit always coming back. (3,4)
28 Does it imply the letters aren't received correctly? (6)
29 and 30 Relative to a tear-jerker, according to the paper. (9)
32 Perhaps unrecognizable as a G.I. zone, the way some drag out their troubles. (7)
33 If you need an indication, am I not a lively one, for a change? (7)
34 Traditionally the butler is supposed to be a good one. (7)
35 Not the usual ingress for performers. (7)

DOWN

1 and 21 down May be a bad comparison when sprinkling is banned, according to the tyro's description. (2,5,2,5)
2 They could fit the above description, just as the mode was changed. (7)
3 It's a bad idea with the up-coming doctor around to get a regal fillet. (6)
4 Exchange where you raise your hands, as they say rather crudely. (4)
5 You might find it an alternative, but not for anything. (4)
6 Cast out of such? (Behaves—otherwise inside!) (6)
7 They fit certain South Americans to a T, though they were kicked in the street just for fun. (3,4)
8 Concerning one of 6, might be nuclear. (7)
12 I get paths confused in the course of the day, possibly. (9)
14 Is bored, perhaps, but it's a way to get down to bare essentials. (7)
15 Roughly severed with some trouble, but it might be very destructive. (7)
18 Sort of fat-back? (3)
19 You and I, to be objective, must have a country shortly. (3)
21 See 1 down
22 Tapers the point on certain missiles? (7)
24 Asked insistently about a legendary creature made of pretty fancy material. (7)
25 There's not so much about the boy to indicate what he might study. (7)
26 She might be set in an old-fashioned way between two points. (6)
27 Not necessarily a flag officer—though one might be someday. (6)
30 Not given to be like some women in novels. (4)
31 What one might take while the bridge is up? (4)

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